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LORD ROSEBERY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BROWNING, EXETER.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

I have a great respect for the London cabman. As a rule, he is a blithe philosopher on a perch, with an equal command of cackle and of the 'osses. Sometimes he does not know his way; but then, you must remember, it is really *your* way, and his ignorance is a delicate reproach to your visiting list. When I have a discussion with him about the quarter of the town I desire to reach, and when he says tentatively, "Past the Snake and Skittles, ain't it?" I am oppressed by my own ignorance of the precise radius which is connoted by that impressive symbol. I sink back in the cab abashed by the thought that not to know the Snake and Skittles signifies the most degraded poverty of intelligence. A dispute about a fare, too, is apt to put you into a position of embarrassment. In the first place, you can rarely be quite sure about the statutory distance; but even when you are, there is a look in the cabman's face which deters you from withholding that extra sixpence. It is a look which says plainly, "Don't disappoint me, guv'nor! Don't dash my fond ideal of you as a free-handed gent! I've druv a cab man and boy these twenty years, and if ever I saw a generous phiz, it is yours! You won't break a pore ole cabby's 'art!" I don't break it; but when I am in the mood for economics, I calculate that the overpayment of cabmen, in the course of my chequered career, would, if capitalised at compound interest, make a handsome provision for my old age.

Cabby, then, is a consummate man of the world. I don't distrust him even when, in his lighter moments, the end of his whip threatens to rob me of an eye, and I jerk concise ejaculations through his trap. It is his horse which makes me uneasy. You can never predicate anything of that capricious animal. On the Embankment one afternoon a horse shied at a piece of paper—I have reason to suspect that it was a fragment of a journal with which I was honourably associated—and the next moment I crawled out of a heap of matchwood and broken glass. I never descend a hill in a cab without sitting back with the rigid grace of British statuary. Such experiences make some people old before their time. "I have given up hansom," you hear a man say mournfully; "the growler is the only vehicle for me now." He speaks of the four-wheeler as if it were the inevitable home of the infirm and the aged. Men no longer watch their whitening hairs in the glass of a morning with anxiety; they dread the moment when they shall cease to sit in the hansom, young and debonair, and when, for the first time, they shall hail the mausoleum on four wheels, driven by a bearded, weather-beaten old gentleman who looks disagreeably like Charon. With what a pang a man gazes out of the window of this ambling asylum, fearful lest his skittish acquaintance should behold him, and from the flashing hansom cast a glance of pity at his forlorn condition! I hasten to add that this picture is due, not to personal experience, but to imaginative sympathy!

Has this sentiment anything to do with the interest excited by the imminent approach of the motor-car? I notice that Cabby is alarmed; he has a vision of a vanishing horse, of Mrs. Cabby asking vainly for his wages, and of little Cabbies crying for bread. With as much reason, livery-stable keepers might denounce the ingenious inventor of that domestic steed which is warranted to give you horse exercise in your bedroom. I see pictures every week of gentlemen, mounted on immovable chargers, evidently excited by the chase of the washstand, and crying "Tally-ho!" when the water-jug runs to cover. This invigorating pastime does not herald the decay of the hunting-field. Who can imagine Englishmen living without horses, or the Derby won by petroleum? The disappearance of the cab-horse would not plunge me into incurable woe; but I fancy that the theosophic plane of existence between Epsom and the knackers will resound with the clatter of hoofs for many a decade. In the meantime, why should not the motor-car save our nerves from the threat of that old age which I have depicted with, I trust, the proper feeling? A horseless hansom would restore to many of us all the buoyancy of youth; and as for Cabby, he could sit aloft as usual, full of badinage, and guiding the machine with all his wonted dexterity. He could handle the steering gear as gracefully as he now holds the ribbons, and address to it a series of epithets as ingenious and endearing as those he lavishes on a broken-kneed quadruped.

There is surprise and even disappointment at the figures of the London census. In five years the population has increased by only a paltry two hundred thousand. We have boasted of our five millions, and, lo! we are less than four and a half. Patriots who like to talk of putting Paris or New York into London several times over, and still leaving cubic

space enough for Britons unconscious of this foreign admixture, are abashed by the census-taker's report. To some of us it is more than welcome. The crush of human beings in London already is appalling. On a fine day in Piccadilly I had as soon be the undermost insect in a swarm of bees. Moreover, every man you meet is armed with a problem which demands immediate solution. I am stopped by an editor, who says, "Have you reflected on our absurd lenience to the criminal population? Just think of these people at large—they may be jogging our elbows at this moment—who have graduated in villainy, and are now meditating murder. Justice has written their biographies in a compact list of 'previous convictions,' and yet they are allowed to roam London, and, if so minded, single out you and me for destruction!" I am naturally upset by this, and eye every innocent passer-by as if he were concealing a murderous weapon under his waistcoat. What is to be done? The editor says that hardened criminals ought to be made impotent for further mischief. "Shut 'em up," he remarks as we part. I feel like a prison warder, and wonder whether the pushing crowd will notice that I am threatening them with a huge key!

Still speculating on the compulsory housing of criminals, I am accosted by a popular actor, who is evidently much amused. He rubs his ear and smiles, till I ask for an explanation of the joke. "Oh, I dined with the Lord Chief Justice last night," he says, still rubbing his ear. "It was great fun. Russell told us that, if we had come before him a century or so earlier, he might have sentenced us to have our ears burnt with a hot iron. We were vagrants then, you know." Here he breaks off to bow to a passing duchess, and to remark on the excellent preservation of her charms. I have heard that joke about the hot iron many times before. When distinguished judges dine with actors, they always playfully brandish the ancient implements of their office over the knives and forks. The humour of being reminded that your professional ancestors were liable to be ear-marked by the law seems a little worn. I should not like to dine frequently with a judicial person who garnished the feast with anecdotes of the times when literary men inhabited Grub Street, and cringed to patrons, and when free criticism of the public tribunals was rewarded as often as not with the pillory. So I rub my ear pensively, and observe to the popular actor, "This complicates the problem of dealing with crime. How many actors and journalists, think you, ought to be still in touch with that hot iron for the better protection of the commonweal?"

Weighed down by this thought, I encounter an art-critic who is wont to inveigh against convention—that is to say, against the actual popularity of any artist. "I tell you it can't last," he explains, after descanting on the iniquity of paying thousands for the work of a certain painter. "Ten years hence his pictures won't fetch as much as a public-house sign. And to think there are masterpieces now, which I have recognised and acclaimed, going a-begging because the mere herd of critics won't look at 'em! Why is the masterpiece ignored, my boy? Because it is a moral assault upon the conscience!" Bless me, here is crime again—there's no escape from it! What if an easy, unsuspecting conscience, placidly turning a corner, is suddenly assaulted by a masterpiece, which threatens to displace the whole moral atmosphere? Is it not the business of art-critics to protect society against the gusts of anarchy? Shall moral assault and battery go unpunished, or shall we provide padlocks and barred windows for the painters of masterpieces, who may draw inspiration henceforth from the prismatic hues of broken glass on high walls, basking in the sun?

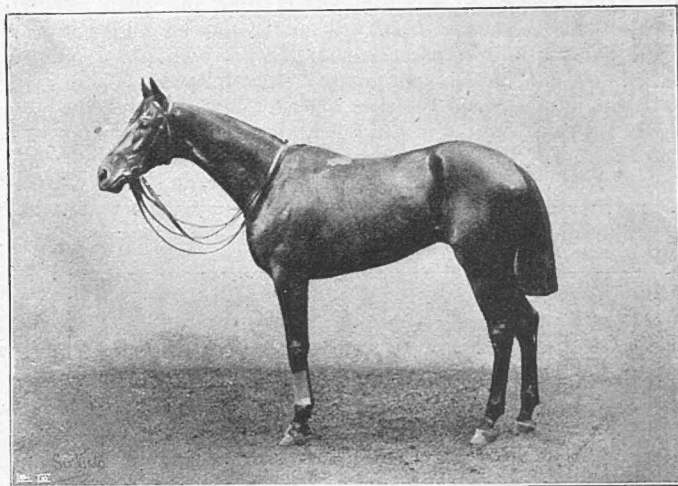
In this frame of mind a citizen may be tempted to alcohol or theosophy. You see him jammed in the growing press of kindred creatures till he desperately summons spirits from the other world to swell the throng. Why, in a population of four millions and a half, any Londoner should crave for the society of disembodied mobs, is an alarming puzzle. It is not as if the spirits brought with them airs from heaven; they merely rap tables and write twaddle on slates. In point of intelligence and morals, they are worse than when they were incarnate. I fear that, when the new treatment of seasoned criminals begins, it will have to be accompanied by a provision that persons who harbour spirits shall suffer penal servitude. That is the impression I get from Miss Olive Birrell's clever novel, "Behind the Magic Mirror," a skilful exposure of theosophic fraud. I have only one complaint of Miss Birrell's method. When the hero breaks into the theosophist's laboratory, and discovers that the mirror is a magic lantern, and the supernatural is candle-grease, he picks the lock in three minutes with a pocket-knife. As the elder romancers used to say, it was the work of a moment. Alack! this expertness in the cause of virtue is perilously like the criminal propensity which the census discloses everywhere to my fevered eye!

SOME RECENT DERBY WINNERS.

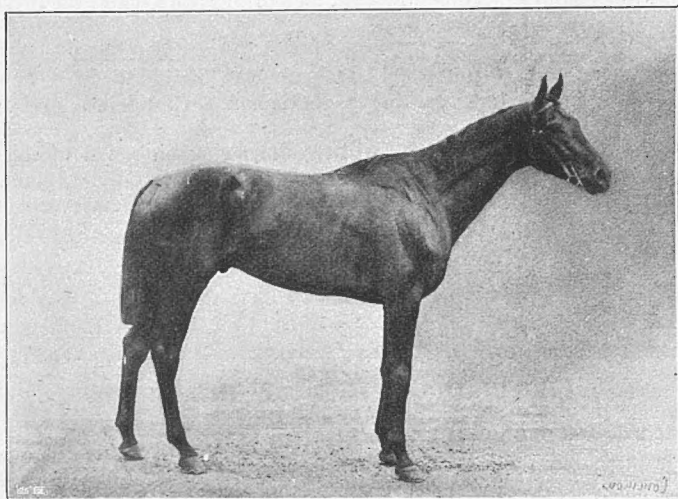
*Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.*



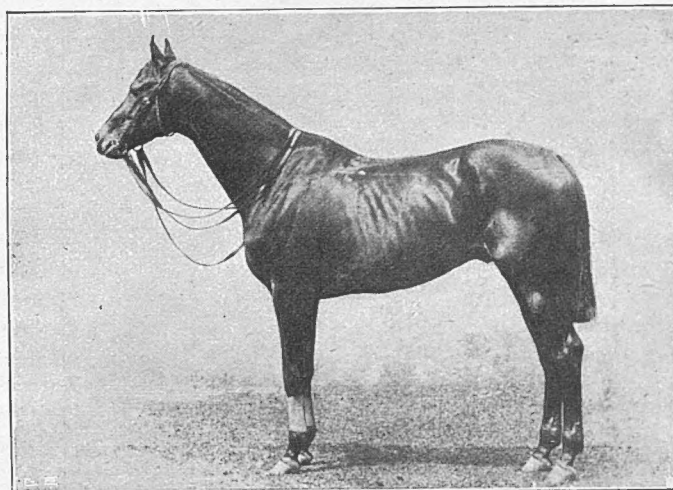
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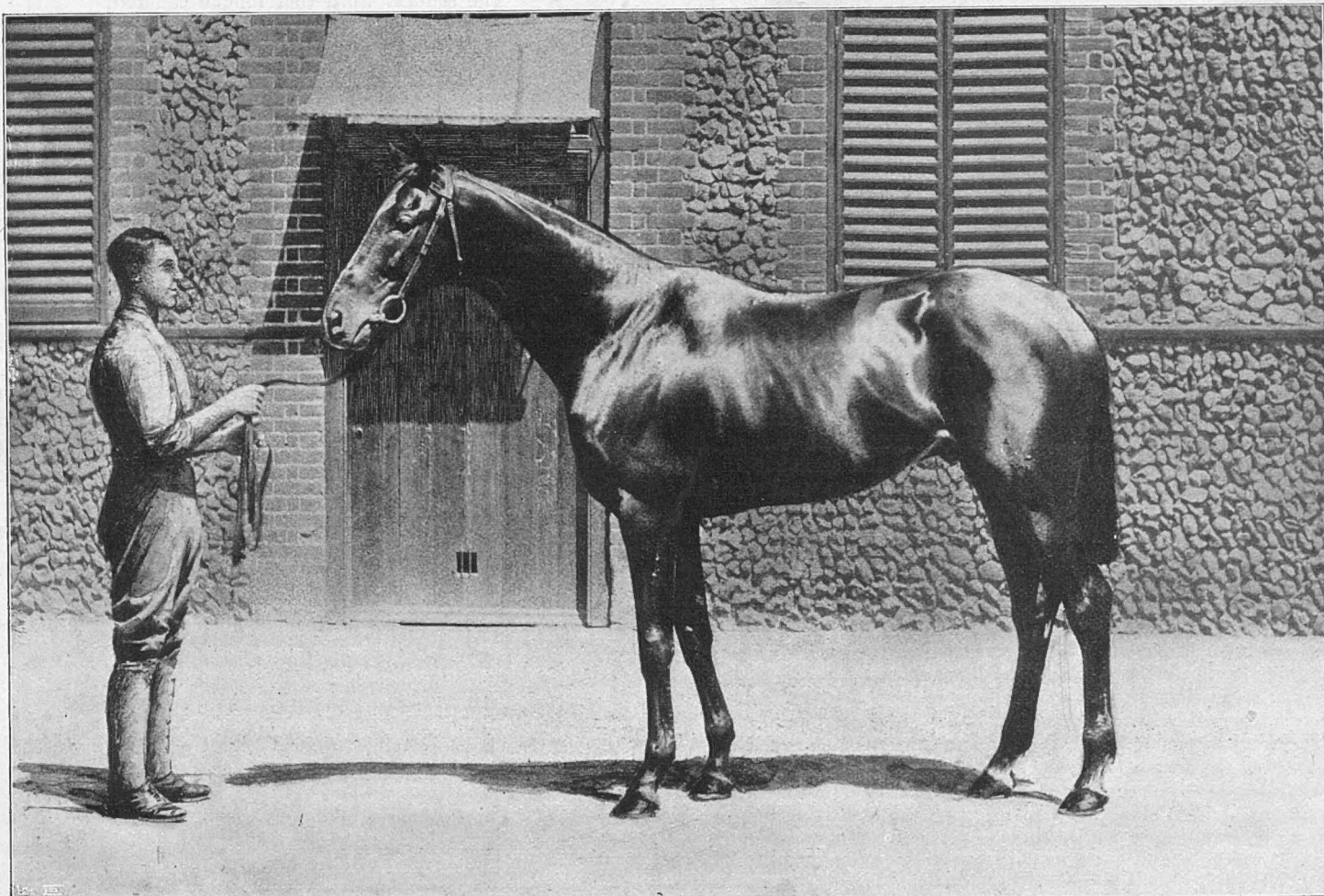
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## AN AMERICAN LADY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

This is a gossip with an American lady—an informal little talk—and it takes us to that country of gold and stir and colour, the Transvaal. The other day Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Webster Jewell passed through London on their way to Johannesburg, where they reside. They had been to their own land across the Atlantic for a brief holiday, and they were carrying back with them the American petition on behalf of their compatriot, Mr. John Hays Hammond. That touches on high politics, with which I have nothing to do (says a *Sketch* representative), only it was necessary to explain how I came to write what follows.

Somebody told me that Mrs. Fletcher Webster Jewell had helped to nurse the wounded men who lay in the hospital at Krügersdorp at the beginning of the year. Well, I was anxious to hear a word from her about that experience, and one or two other points cropped up, as will be seen. It was the personal note all through—a woman's outlook



MRS. JEWELL.

Photo by Schloss, New York.

upon some Transvaal matters—and, without doubt, you would all have agreed that there lay the charm. A joyous vivacity of manner, large-hearted sympathies, many gifts and graces and qualities; but, no! Mrs. Jewell might mistake me for a poet if I were to go on with my sketch of the handsome picture she made.

"Really," she said, "I must try if I can't write a novel round the events amid which we all lived for some weeks in the Transvaal. How I should succeed would remain to be seen; but that the material would be ample enough there can be no question. You know, I had declared from the first that, if there was to be war and fighting, I should go and nurse the wounded, and other ladies were to do the same."

"It never occurred to you, I fancy, to leave Johannesburg, as so many people did?"

"I simply put it that if my husband remained so should I, that we were quite safe; but that, anyhow, if there was danger, there was no valour in running away from it. I shall never forget the spectacle of the rush from Johannesburg; and then amid it all I was told one morning, 'You have insisted that you would do nursing, and it looks somewhat as if you were to have the opportunity.' This was while the crisis was at its height, and I need not tell you any more until we get to the hospital at Krügersdorp."

"All the wounded, Dr. Jameson's men and Boers alike, were treated there, I think?"

"Yes, and when we drove out to Krügersdorp one evening we had considerable difficulty in getting through the Boer lines. I mean, their discipline was so strict that the gentlemen in our party had to be blindfolded before we were allowed to pass along. Now I should like to say that the hospital arrangements were as complete as they could possibly be made. Indeed, they were admirable, and the patients, without any distinction whatever, received the best of attention. I make that remark because the complaint went about subsequently that the wounded Boers were not so well looked after as Dr. Jameson's men. It was not so; humanity was the word, the only thought, with everybody, not nationality."

"I'm sure the wounded men must have been very grateful?"

"I remember Captain Coventry saying how well the wounded prisoners were being treated by the Boer authorities, that they could not have been more comfortable in their own homes. I remained in the hospital for five days, when the St. John's Ambulance Corps arrived from Cape Town, and there was no farther need for us. The surroundings were somewhat trying, perhaps, to one new to nursing; but I got through very well, and a word of simple, sincere thanks from a patient, when you had done some little service for him, was wonderfully cheering. One day I took a lot of flowers all round the wards, and you should have watched the bright faces that greeted them—flowers, beautiful flowers, which bring so much life and health to a sick-bed."

Other incidents of the nursing in that hastily organised hospital at Krügersdorp I heard from Mrs. Jewell, and words of praise for all those who laboured there. But I pass to another matter, her impressions of Johannesburg—how is it for all that makes a woman's life?

"Oh," she answered me, "take dress, for example, and I assure you nobody in Johannesburg need be a whit behind Paris or London. When I arrived in Paris this time I found that the latest fashions in wear were all in Johannesburg before I left. I was rather amused at a dinner-party in New York by hearing a lady remark to a neighbour, 'But what does she do with her clothes when she is in South Africa?' The observation referred to me, and to a dress which, as a simple matter of fact, I had worn in Johannesburg. Dear me! why, the blouse I am wearing now was made there, and our big stores, I can tell you, let us want for nothing."

"Then the climate, how is that?"

"Excellent, except for the dust-storms, and with this qualification, that I'm afraid the dry atmosphere is rather apt to spoil a woman's looks if she stays too long in it without a change. Again, we have beautiful drives in the vicinity of Johannesburg, and to anybody who, like myself, is fond of horses, that is not a little."

So our gossip ran on, and presently I asked about President Krüger.

"I have met both the President and Mrs. Krüger," Mrs. Jewell replied, "and I think he is as fine a gentleman as you want, and that she is a dear old lady."

If the President is gallant, he will thank so charming a daughter of Columbia for that eulogy, as he thanked her—as the whole community on the Rand must cordially have thanked her—for her services at the Krügersdorp hospital.

## TO JAMES PAYN.

The current issue of the *Cornhill Magazine* opens with a little "Vale" from Mr. James Payn, and closes, not inappropriately, with the last chapter of his novel, "The Disappearance of George Driffell." "The saddest word known to our tongue," he says, "is 'Good-bye'; and we have all to say it." Then he modestly tells how for thirteen years he has conducted the *Cornhill*, and his dominant cheerfulness leads him to descant with humour on the rejected and the accepted contributor. He resigns his editorship with the assurance that "ill-health and not ill-humours; no weakening of my long bond of friendship—a cable without a kink—with the founder of the *Cornhill* divorces me from my occupation."

"The saddest word!" Alack! 'tis true—  
The saddest word that tongue can tell.  
And yet 'tis not "Good-bye!" For you  
Must long postpone that sad farewell.  
'Tis "Au Revoir!" you mean to say,  
"Good-bye!" must come another day.

"Good-bye!" Nay, not "Good-bye" awhile,  
Not when you still can hold the pen  
That knows the secret of a smile  
That charms away the cares of men.  
"Good-bye?" Ah! surely you have erred—  
You are not "Lost Sir Massingberd."

The younger generation knocks;  
You gladly open wide the door,  
And, shooting back the bars and locks,  
Extend a welcome o'er and o'er.  
You meet the tyro as a friend,  
And must the manly welcome end?

The world can ill afford to lose  
"A Perfect Treasure," such as you,  
Who charmed us with your "Private Views,"  
And put to flight our bitter rue;  
For week by week and year by year  
You loved to write and wrote to cheer.

Your name, most surely, sir, belies  
Your precious gift of bringing joy,  
Save when you wave the sad good-byes—  
Ah, why must pleasure hold alloy?  
Solve the grim riddle if we will—  
Enough that you are with us still.

One hope remains to cheat regret—  
The last great Vale that men dread  
Is happily not spoken yet;  
The last adieu is not yet said.  
We pray that day be long deferred  
Ere you are "Lost Sir Massingberd."

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June 3, 1896.

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## SMALL TALK.

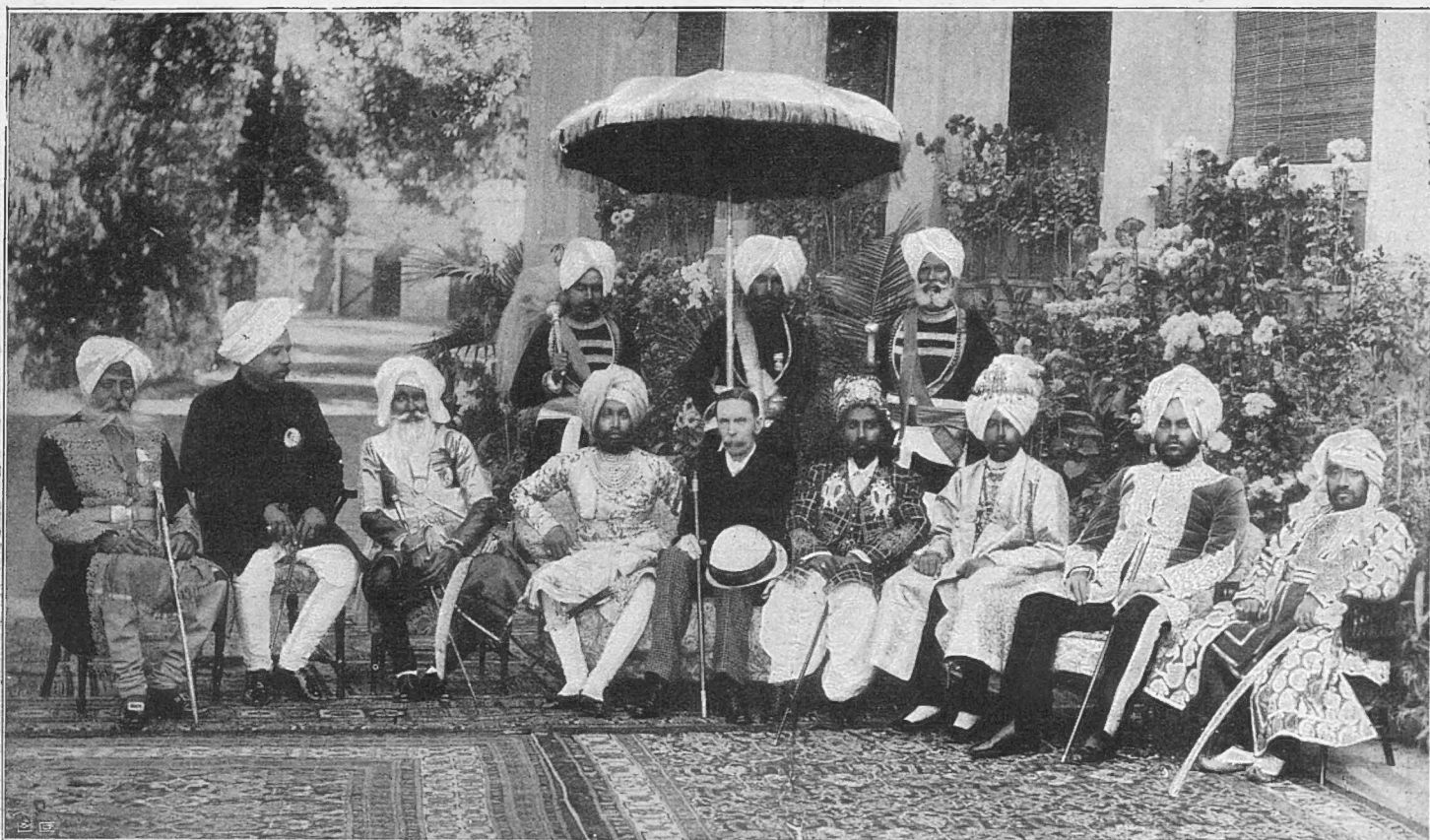
The Queen is once more at her beloved Balmoral. The guard of honour is supplied this time by the Gordon Highlanders. It is curious that the gallant Gordons should not have that distinction more often, seeing that their depôt is at Aberdeen. The Prince of Wales opened the Military Tournament on Thursday, and the Duchess of Teck will close it to-morrow week. The Duke and Duchess of Teck have been staying at Bexhill.

The good folks of High Wycombe have for many months regretted the absence of that popular nobleman Lord Carrington from his country residence, Wycombe Abbey, his lordship having purchased a seat in Wales. I believe that some of the more sanguine inhabitants of that chair-making town have clung to the belief that Lord Carrington might still retain the property, which was, I believe, acquired by his grandfather, Robert Smith, who was made a peer in 1796, and assumed the title of Baron Carrington. The surname of Carington, in lieu of the more homely Smith, was taken by his successor. Wycombe Abbey, it is now stated, is no longer to be the home of the Caringtons, but will become an establishment for teaching the young idea (feminine) how to shoot—

omnibus that comes eastward from Bayswater or that descends the Edgware Road. As a result, the front door at Surrey House for three-quarters of the year is splashed over with mud, and so is the carriage of every caller. Happily, Lord Battersea is a good democrat, and he makes what music he can out of the clamorous cries of conductors that enter at each open window. Apropos, the fond parents of a baby born in a neighbouring house anxiously awaited the first lisps, which came, nevertheless, as a surprise: "A penny all the way"—the formula to which the infantile ears had been accustomed during every waking hour of its life.

Mr. Isaac Henderson, whose "Silent Battle" was produced by Mr. Wyndham at the Criterion not long ago, has himself been in conflicts that make no noise. As a result, Mr. Henderson was on Sunday received into the Roman Catholic Church in Rome by Canon Moyes, Cardinal Vaughan's secretary, who is among the visitors there. Mr. Henderson, who is American by birth and a man of fortune, will shortly find his way to London.

Among the many attractions announced for the Derby Week the music-loving public will notice a Patti Concert at the Royal Albert Hall



Rajah of Faridkot. Rajah of Sirmur. Rajah of Nabha. Maharajah of Patiala. Sir Denis Fitzpatrick. Nawab of Bhawalpur. Rajah of Jheend. Rajah of Kapurtulla. Rajah of Mundi.

## OUR PUNJAB CHIEFS.

in other words, it is to be a ladies' college. This house, on a door of which tradition says that the witty George Canning once wrote certain lines, commencing with—

Bob Smith lives here,  
Billy Pitt made him a peer,

was, in an earlier age, known by the name of "Loakes," being the Manor House of High Wycombe in the days of James I., when the building was a smaller and more irregular-looking structure than it now appears. In the early part of this century it was repaired and enlarged by the well-known architect Wyatt, and its imposing frontage, with the large sheet of water before it, must be familiar to many of my readers. This water, by the way, was at one time remarkable for the artificial cascade in which it terminated, the work of an ingenious gentleman named Cane, who constructed an equally successful waterfall, on a larger scale, at Bowwood.

Lady Warwick appears to be a person of more interest than her husband is to the daily journalist. So, at least, I gather from the fact that when her ladyship, on her bicycle, runs into his lordship on the footpath and knocks him down, she "happily keeping her seat," the incident is recorded under the heading "Accident to Lady Warwick." Some time ago a young Yorkshire squire shot by accident a domestic servant. He was rather annoyed. And the local newspaper headed the brief announcement of the poor girl's death, "Sad Accident to a Young Gentleman."

Surrey House, which Lord and Lady Battersea lent the other day for a concert in aid of a Home for Inebriate Women, stands just opposite the Marble Arch. It is a spacious house, it commands a fine view of the Park, and quite a small fortune was paid for the lease of it. But it has this great disadvantage—it is at a stopping-point for every

to-morrow afternoon, when the Diva will be supported by a very strong party of artists, including Madame Amy Sherwin, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, consisting of upwards of thirty young Welsh girls, who sing together very charmingly under the bâton of Madame Clare Novelle Davies. The choir has had the honour of singing before her Majesty on two separate occasions, and also appeared at two of the Patti Concerts given at the Albert Hall in 1894, on both occasions creating great enthusiasm and securing double encores. In the interval the members of the choir change their apparel, and during the second half of the programme appear in the quaint and picturesque Welsh national costume.

Here is a group just taken at Lahore, consisting of Sir Denis Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant-General of the Punjab, with on his right the Maharajah of Patiala and the Rajahs of Nabha, Sirmur, and Faridkot, and on his left the Nawab of Bhawalpur and the Rajahs of Jheend, Kapurtulla, and Mundi. The likenesses are all faithful, while the loyalty of this little band of independent rulers, with his Highness of Patiala as the principal head, is historical. The armies of these rulers were our backbone during the troublesome times of the Mutiny in 1857, when Patiala by his timely assistance enabled the British forces to reach Delhi and recapture it. The Nawab of Bhawalpur is the only Mahomedan ruler in the group, and is also a loyal soldier, although, as a scholar, a sportsman, and a soldier his Highness of Patiala is far away to the fore. The residence of the Maharajah is most homely. One prominent feature which has just been added is a speaking, full-length oil-painting of the late "Prince Eddie," in the uniform of the 10th Hussars. During his few days' visit to Patiala the Prince and the Maharajah became great friends, and, had Prince Eddie lived, the Maharajah would not be so misrepresented by interested people as he now seems to be.

The Vicar of Greenwich, with the aid of his leading parishioners, has revived the old custom of Perambulation or Beating the Bounds on Ascension Day. The custom is of hoary antiquity, its origin lying in the worship of sacred stones and the sanctity of boundaries. There is an ancient legend quoted by Gibbon and others that when the Capitol was built all the gods yielded place to Jupiter, except Terminus, the



HOW A MARCH STONE IS MARKED.

Photo by Mr. Gordon Lee.

protecting deity of landmarks, whose symbol—real enough ages further back—was a stone. At the annual festival of the Terminalia, which was held in February, the Roman farmer went round his land, singing hymns, and offering sacrifices to the flower-wreathed termini. He who moved a terminus was in danger of death, as, among the Israelites, he was accursed who wrought the same sacrilege. And, as with many other pagan festivals embodying ideas of universal application, this of the Terminalia was taken into Early Christianity. Priest and people perambulated the fields, not only to mark the boundaries, but to chant the Litany, imploring that the goodly fruits of the earth might be preserved so that in due time man might enjoy them. Sometimes trees were the landmarks, and under these the lessons would be read, whence the not infrequent name "Gospel Oak." As halts were made, some hapless wight was bumped smartly in a part not unfamiliar to chastened school-boys, and thus, were the stone, which was the instrument of torture, removed, the site was imprinted on the memory of the "bumped." At Greenwich the vestry messenger was the victim.

Originally produced at Athens on March 17, 414 B.C., "The Birds" of Aristophanes saw the light for the first time in Australia at Ormond College, Melbourne University, on April 9, 1896, and it may be noted as a curious synchronisation of events that at the same time Mr. E. H. Flack, a young Melbourne athlete, was repeating on Athenian soil at the Olympic Games feats of speed and endurance similar to those performed in the competition for the parsley wreath by athletes of the calibre of the Idæan Heracles who lived in the age which produced Aristophanes. The play was produced under the direction of Mr. H. Darnley Naylor, Lecturer in Classics at Ormond College, Melbourne University, and formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge; and he received valuable advice from the Professor of Classics, Mr. T. G. Tucker, M.A., late



THE MEETING OF HERACLES AND PERTHETÆRUS.

Photo by Mr. Harvey.

Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and from Dr. MacFarland (Master of Ormond), also of St. John's, Cambridge. The music which formed such a pleasing and successful part of the performance was the work of a student (Mr. J. Heyer), and the training of the choruses and the designing of the dresses were done in the college.

The Chetty Feast of the Taipusum, one of the most important religious festivals of Southern India, has recently been celebrated in Penang, when thousands of devotees worshipped at the shrine of Valu. The ceremony starts with a procession, when Valu is carried with great pomp from his permanent temple in Penang Street to his summer quarters in the Waterfall Road, where he remains for a few days, and it is during this time that vows must be fulfilled and sins pardoned. The god himself is made of gold and studded with diamonds and emeralds. He is set in a gold frame, and rides in a huge silver car with four silver horses, the whole being drawn by Chetties. Almost all the Klings in Penang worship Valu, and for this festival wear their gayest clothes and a profusion of jewellery. On the shoulders of each devotee is carried the Kavadi, a peculiarly shaped block of wood with carved ends. Suspended from it are two brass bowls filled with milk, which



KLING CHILDREN IN JOLA DRESS.

they take to the tank at the foot of the waterfall, where they empty it as an offering to Valu. During the days of this festival thousands of the worshippers are fed free of all cost to themselves, and at night sleep in the side-aisles of the temple.

Outside, the scene resembles that of an English country fair; there are swings, merry-go-rounds, and side-shows of every kind, besides stalls for the sale of representations of Valu, sweets, and jewellery. At night the temple is lit up with lamps innumerable. Europeans go to this function by special invitation, and are seated on the left-hand side of Valu. A wreath of small white flowers is placed round every visitor's neck, and a sceptre of the same flowers in the hand; oranges and sugar-candy are handed on a tray, some of which each guest *must* take. Many gruesome, grotesque sights are to be seen along the four miles of road between the temple in Penang and the waterfall during this festival. Some dance in a frenzied fashion all the way; others have metal pins stuck through their cheeks; many wear wooden shoes, with long, sharp nails driven through the soles and protruding a quarter of an inch inside, and in these march along this veritable *Via Dolorosa*. In many cases death from exhaustion supervenes before the desired goal is reached, but, once there (such is the miraculous power attributed to Valu), all scars and pain are expected to vanish. On the last night of the festival Valu returns to Penang by torchlight.

I understand that the Duke and Duchess of York have consented to honour with their presence a fête which will shortly be held, in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, in the large garden situated at the back of that institution. Londoners generally will, I am sure, sympathise with and support the good work that for more than a century and a half has been performed by this notable hospital, which was founded in 1745, just ten years later than that other well-known

Metropolitan charity which owes its existence to the munificence of Mr. Guy. The original Middlesex Hospital was situated in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road; but in 1755 it was removed to its present site, its garden being all that is left of the greenery of fields and lanes that in the early stages of its being surrounded the now time-honoured building. In 1775 the hospital was enlarged, and nearly twenty years later, it is interesting to recall, it became a refuge for many a Royalist *émigré* driven from *la belle France* by the Terror of '93.

making arrangements to render the forthcoming fête attractive in every way, and the function, if favoured by propitious weather, should prove more remunerative and enjoyable than one of those big dinners which are usually associated in the minds of Englishmen with charitable undertakings.

The Military Tournament this year, which opened on Thursday, is of an exceedingly interesting character. The management of it has been reconstructed almost entirely, and its scope—to say nothing of the



Cameron Highlanders.

Gold Coast Constabulary.

Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

PUPILS AT THE KNELLER HALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

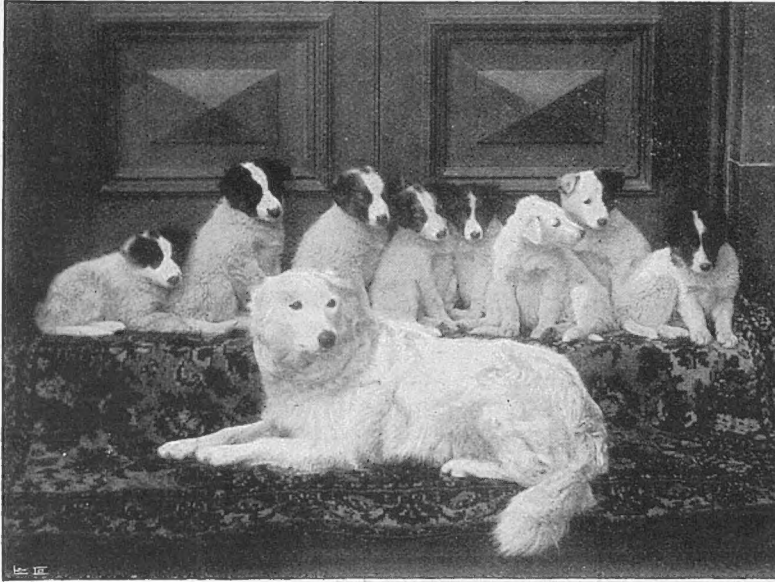
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

Enlarged again in 1834, the hospital became, in outward appearance, at least, much what it remains at present. The First Gentleman in Europe, the fourth George, was induced to become its patron, and the admirable charity has since then remained under that royal patronage, a further example of which is about to be given by the Heir Presumptive to the British throne. It is of interest to remember that in the early part of the present century the honorary surgeon to the Middlesex was the eminent Sir Charles Bell, to whom is attributed the saying that "London was a place to live in, not to die in," and who did much to help Londoners to prove the truth of his assertion. The hospital authorities, I hear, are

disposal of its funds—has been extended. For the first time the Navy is represented; a squad of men from H.M.S. *Excellent* going through their marvellous gun-drill. An especially interesting feature is the musical ride of the Royal Horse Artillery; the precision with which the gallant gunners can ride on a narrow road has long struck the public with admiration, and this new ride is still more wonderful. The spectacle this year is a grouping of her Majesty's troops from every corner of the Empire. It is excellent, and the most graphic picture I have ever seen of "The men and the 'osses" that make up the forces of Mrs. Victoria's sons."

A Mother of Eight—such is the white collie Vic. She comes from Llandudno.

The reckless praise bestowed on bees and other small things by Sir John Lubbock and his followers irritates me to a terrible degree. A few weeks ago I exposed the imbecility of ants. I am now reluctantly compelled to discount allegations of bee intelligence. Into my study the



A PROLIFIC COLLIE.

other morning, while I was busy over the composition of a sonnet in praise of an Empire coryphée, came a bee uninvited. He slipped in through the open window, buzzed round the glass, and then tried to walk through it. I pointed out in excellent English that he would get left if he didn't go as he came; the ungrateful creature took no notice. I returned to my sonnet, and, on looking up for inspiration, found the silly bee trying to sting the glass. Therefore, I told him in French what he ought to do, thinking he could not understand English. He buzzed painfully on hearing my French accent, being a mere working bee and unused to luxuries. Finally, I tried to give him a taste of my Latin, for he flew down upon my sonnet, which was rather too definite in its unfinished form. He seemed alarmed by its broadness, made an angry noise, so I quoted from Horace—

*Brachia et vultum, teretesque suras  
Integer laudo.*

This soothed him. He hummed a bit, and walked round my masterpiece, as though intending to learn it for the benefit of the queen-bee in the hive at the end of the garden, while I explained to him the impossibility of getting through glass. Then he went back to the window and wasted another half-hour. He would be there still had I not pulled back the other half of the casement. Then he went out to the early June roses, and I vanquished my fourteenth line. Clearly bees are overrated things, no better than ants.

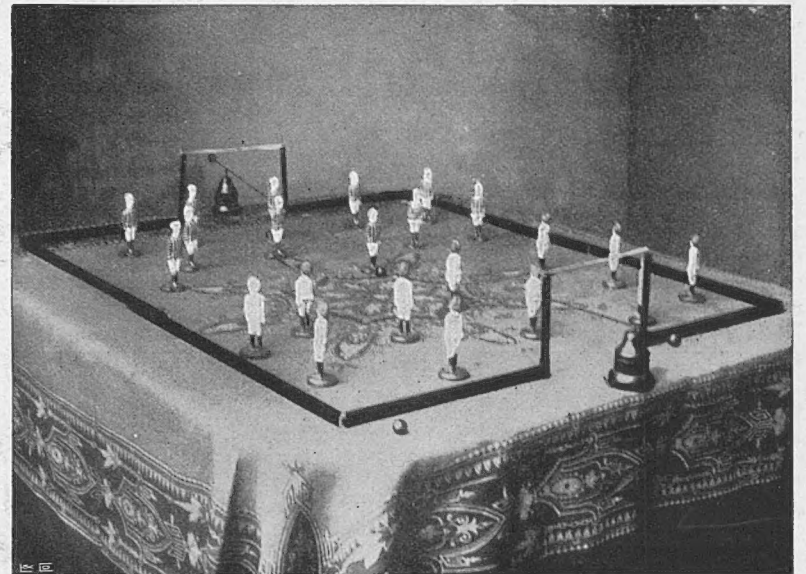
The photograph I reproduce herewith has a double interest. It was taken by an African native, Mr. Frederick Lutterodt, of Accra, and shows how tennis is played on Cameroons River, in German West Africa. The court is made of hard-beaten earth, marked out by scantlings, and needs refilling and rebeating after every shower of rain.



TENNIS IN WEST AFRICA.

In the interests of humanity the medical profession works hard to diagnose new and complex complaints: I have one to submit to its careful attention. I have suffered from the malady ever since I left the nursery for the school-room, and was never conscious of the fact until a gentleman suffering from similar symptoms called recently at a certain hospital and described them to my informant, a rising medical man. He came to the out-patients' ward and asked for medicine. "What's the matter?" said the medico. "Well, guv'nor, it's like this yere," said the sufferer: "I eats well and drinks well and sleeps well, but when I 'as any work to do I breaks into an 'orrid perspiration all over." Clearly here is a case for State interference: a poor man in the best of health compelled to sacrifice his well-being to the vulgar necessity for work. I do not for a moment suspect that the poor fellow overstated his case. I have been suffering silently for years from this insidious malady. I am at present writing in the country, in the heart of Surrey, by the banks of the Wandle, where the trout are flashing about with neither work nor anxiety. I have done nothing all day except smoke a pipe and read an Alfred de Musset comedy; I suddenly recollect that certain "copy" is due and break into a cold perspiration. There is not a human being within a mile of me. Consider the risk of the case. Why will nobody pension me?

Writing of hospitals reminds me that I dislike them. I have never been in one as a patient, Providence be thanked! but often as a visitor. The last I visited was that of La Caridad, in Seville. I went to see the pictures by Murillo, Valdes, and Zurbaran, and had to go among the sick and the dying, until I wished the paintings at Jericho, and ran out of one of the wards into the *patio*, with its marble fountains and orange-



PARLOUR FOOTBALL.

trees, and refused to stir. For days I could never pass the place on my way to the promenade along the Guadalquivir without a sense of horror. Yet some people love hospitals. A medical friend tells me that in town there are people who will do anything for admission, and, when once in, will not go until they are compelled. They have strange ideas, these unfortunate, ill-fed, badly housed people. One old woman was discharged from hospital a fortnight ago. "I don't like leaving," she said; "I've been very comfortable. What nice things! what beef-tea! I never tasted anything so strong. Tell me, sir, *had it been galvanised?*" The poor old woman had probably heard something, but not enough, of the wonders of electricity; in her idea such strength could only be the result of electric action. No, hospitals must learn to bear with my dislike, and seek comfort in the fact that I like hospital nurses, when they are young, kind, and pretty, and they all seem to be.

The latest parlour game is called lawn- or table-football. It is played with the aid of mechanical figures pivoted upon a stand, which are made to kick the ball with their specially constructed spring legs. The figures and goals are arranged to represent a football field or course, and the legs of these mechanical figures are operated by hitting the heads thereof with a mallet to kick the ball into goal. There is a great deal of skill in the game.

The Midland and Great Western Railway Companies have issued illustrated pamphlets containing lists of farmhouses, seaside and country lodgings, hotels and boarding-houses, in the districts served by their respective systems.

The Duchess of York is to present new colours to the Duke of York's Royal Military School on Thursday, July 2, which date has also been fixed for the annual inspection by the Commander-in-Chief.

"What comes after a million, papa?" asked a small boy in New York the other day, puzzling over his sums. "An English nobleman, invariably," replied his father (a widower) with some asperity.

To most provincial and to not a few London playgoers the name of Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer evokes pleasant memories. Few actresses now on the English stage can boast of so varied and interesting a career, for, since she made her London début, in the autumn of 1864, as Pauline in "Delicate Ground," she has played in America, in Germany, and all over the United Kingdom, with unvarying success, and she has also greatly contributed to keep Shakspeare's memory green in many a township of Greater Britain where the light of the divine William seemed in danger of being extinguished by the sacred lamp of burlesque.

Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer's Juliet is still remembered by those playgoers who assisted at the performances given in 1867 at the Lyceum Theatre. The following year Miss Palmer, as she then was, played Doris Quinault in "Narcisse," contributing shortly after to the success of "The Rightful Heir" by her excellent performance of Eveline. After her marriage, which took place in 1869, Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer and her husband toured in Australia and America, and on her return home her performance of Lady Macbeth, played at the Princess's Theatre, made a considerable sensation.

A long and apparently incurable illness caused her to take up her residence in Germany, and here, after many months of suffering, she finally recovered her health, making her first professional reappearance as Lady Teazle at the Residenz Theater, Dresden, where her acting attracted much attention. She was asked to go to Berlin, and did so in 1877. While there she on one occasion gave a performance before eighty royal personages, and the then Crown Prince (the Emperor Frederick) warmly complimented her on her fine acting. Finding herself once more in London, Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer played Lady Macbeth at the Olympic, in 1888, and since then she has toured successfully all over the provinces; her most successful part being, oddly enough, that of Hamlet, a character she has played over a hundred times.

A friend of mine has just returned from a long sketching tour in parts of France and the Netherlands, and has told me many and curious things about the way English men and things are considered by people who have had no chance of a first-hand acquaintance with them. In the course of conversation I asked him to name the English artists who were most talked about, and the names he gave were startling. I quote his words: "The three artists whose work is best known are Walter Crane, Raven Hill, and Aubrey Beardsley." I tried hard to convince him that he had misunderstood the public taste, but he was as positive as the mendacious little heroine of "We Are Seven." I quoted artist after artist who might be presumed to appeal more powerfully to the foreign mind; he absolutely refused to withdraw his statements, which were, he said, founded on most careful observation. Isn't it a curious combination? One can understand the presence of the first two names, but Beardsley—leaving his work itself out of the question—is scarcely fledged. His work for John Lane, whose books sell largely on the Continent, is the only explanation I can find for his popularity.

On another point, and one, I venture to think, of interest to intelligent travellers, my friend was very strong. He told me that country people in the parts he visited regard the Englishman as some uncouth monster with plenty of money and an utter absence of manners or taste. This feeling is one I have also noted, and it undoubtedly arises from the curious way in which our countrymen leave their courtesy at home when

they travel. I have seen the mildest-mannered man who ever did the Bond Street crawl in the London season absolutely transformed, a few months later, when I met him on the Continent in the tweed suit and offensive cap peculiar to the travelling Englishman. At home, he may be a thoroughly good sort; abroad, he speaks loudly, acts vulgarly, and condemns all men who have not the privilege of being his compatriots. If in Paris, he will go to the Opera House in a morning-coat and gaiters, he will curse waiters and by a dozen pieces of carelessness offend people around him. If he did such things in town he would be voted "no class," but he honestly believes that such behaviour is all benighted foreigners have a right to expect. International congresses and journalistic courtesies and the friendly meetings of representative men of the nations can never increase the *entente* between ourselves and our Continental neighbours until the great body of our countrymen will treat foreign prejudice with more consideration. If the faults proceeded from bad breeding and native barbarity they would be beyond control, but, as they are only the result of carelessness and thoughtlessness, it behoves men to reflect. The good opinion of a country is worth having.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," said Shakspeare, or Bacon, or whoever wrote "Hamlet," and a good many years afterwards Charles Lamb divided men into two classes: first, those who borrow, and secondly, those who lend. Hence it may be suggested that nobody took the author of "Hamlet" seriously. I have a considerable circle of acquaintances among men who borrow, and, although I am the poorer by their efforts, recognise some among them as masters of a most difficult art. At the side of the champion "prosser," other artists "pale their ineffectual fires." Money is the thing whereby we live; an actor, a singer, a painter, or a writer draws it from us in return for the gratification of some sense. But the borrower does not stoop to mere exchange of benefit for money. He obtains what we work or live hard for, with little or no intention of returning it, with no apparent effort, and the sublime air of a man conferring a favour. He chooses his opportunity, and

suits his appeal to his victim. He will ask for a bank-note as one asks for a cigarette, or for a single sovereign with a suggestion of deep indebtedness, and his ingenuity expands as he proceeds downwards.

Now and again in the dingy, dreary desert of "prossing" one finds an oasis of humour wherein the weary lender may obtain some solace for his ills. I once knew a sort of Anglo-Swiss-German whom I used to meet about town. I would find him in Bond Street at four o'clock on a June afternoon, in the ring at Kempton or Sandown, in the lounge of the Empire, always well-groomed and apparently well-off. At last he fell upon evil days, and we seldom met. One night I was walking down Piccadilly to my club, and he met me at the corner of Albemarle Street. I noted his condition and prepared myself for a tale of woe. It came. He had been in bad health, had lost money on the Exchange; his father had not sent him his allowance, which was overdue; would I, on the strength of an acquaintance, make him an advance? This and much more in broken English. My star was at that moment in the ascendant, for I had taken a day's holiday at Newmarket and beaten the book-makers, consequently my frame of mind was benevolent. "How much do you want?" I said cautiously, and the Anglo-Swiss-German nearly cried with joy. "If you would lend me—only until my remittance comes—four shillings?" I produced the sum, trying hard not to laugh, and have seen neither money nor man since.



MRS. BANDMANN-PALMER AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Photo by Robinson.

Miss Lillian Russell had a golden bicycle, and it has supplied the New York *Journal* man with the wonderful head-lines which I cannot resist reproducing here. It was a bicycle to rank among the gayest of the gay, and on a day (alas! the day) she fitted on her tan bicycle-suit

and went forth upon her golden machine eager to conquer. The world grovelled at her feet, and all the haunts were merry. She sped through the Park, and out of the gates; she threaded her way through a processional maze of bustling vehicles. To all the sensual world she proclaimed that one crowded hour of glorious life was worth an age without a name. Then came the ice-cart; but it wasn't the ice-cart, precipitous though its pace might have been—it was a stealthy "bike" behind the ice-cart that did the damage. Miss Russell and the stealthy "bike" rushed into terrible conflict. Gods and goddesses flew to the fight, and the golden "bike," flying into a thousand pieces, was removed by Apollo to the skies, as the basis of a new Milky Way. Miss Russell, indeed, hurt her ankle; but she sang that night at the Harlem Opera House, and

though, like Mrs. Cruncher, she did a deal of flopping, her audience screamed themselves hoarse with laughter and applauding shouts. As she remarked at the conclusion, "They were so very, very appreciative"; adding, with pardonable pride, "There are more bicycles where that came from." What was the Rape of the Lock compared to this new struggle between immortals?

The biographer in search of curiosities has certainly one in Mr. Martin J. Pritchard's novel, "Without Sin," which Mr. Heinemann has published. On every page of the book, except the title-page and the first page of the opening chapter, the word "Immanuel" is printed. On the back of the title-page you read, "The word 'Immanuel' has, through an inadvertence, been printed in the head-lines of this book." But has the inadvertence been due to the poor printer who has to bear so many sins on his shoulders? The main incident in the story is certainly startling. A young Hebrew maiden, Miss Mary Levinge, has been left a fortune by her grandfather, an art-dealer in Bond Street. The fact of her extraordinary likeness to a Madonna which had been painted by an anonymous artist of the early Italian School, and hung in her grandfather's gallery, had been impressed upon her in childhood by a romantic Scotsman until it became a sort of fixed idea with the child, and tinged her whole history. This it was that induced an artist to get her to sit to him in his studio for a picture of the Immaculate Conception. She fainted in that studio. Unto her a son was born—Miss Levinge was convinced that it was Immanuel, believing so until it died, three years later. To her dying day, apparently, she never knew the father of it, and nobody enlightened her on the point. The whole story seems really too grotesque, and yet a medical friend of mine told me only the other week of a case that had come under his own cognisance, in which a young woman of religious tendencies declared that she had given birth to the Messiah, although on every other point she was as sound as a bell. Now, the wonderful thing about this case is that the girl never had any child at all. Probably Mr. Pritchard has heard of such a case, for one cannot imagine his beating out a plot so weird from the alembic of his mind.

When the daily bulletin with regard to the health of Sir John Millais is so eagerly perused by the British public, it may be interesting to remember that the great painter, though born in England, is a member of one of the oldest families in the Channel Islands. Tradition tells us that the family existed in Jersey prior to the Conquest, and that a member of it, one Geoffroy de Millay, fought in the ranks of William at Hastings. That the house of Millais is an ancient one is certainly proved by the fact of the range of hills north-east of St. Helier being called Les Monts Millais. The documentary records of the Millais family date back to 1331, when the Royal Rent-Roll of the island records that one Geoffroy Milayes owed to the Crown a sum of ten sols for land held by him in the parish of Grouville. There is yet another record on the debtor side of the account with reference to a Millais of the fifteenth century in the manuscript Register of the curate of St. Saviour parish; this is to the effect that John Millais, the head of the house, owed to the church half a pound of wax. Tapou Farm, acquired by marriage by John Myllais about 1540, two miles from St. Helier, a rambling building, which in an old print belonging to a friend of mine appears more decrepit than picturesque, was the home of the Millais family for upwards of three hundred years. My friend, who is himself a member of an ancient Jersey family, tells me that one of the Millais' got into some political scrape at the time of the French invasion of Jersey in 1781, being suspected of sympathy with the invaders, and of supplying them with horses. An incident in this invasion must have been made familiar to many of my readers by the spirited picture, I think by Copley, in the National Gallery. Sir John's father was, I have been told, as personable a man as himself, and his *beaux yeux* proved irresistible to an English widow lady, Mrs. Enoch Hodgkinson, who visited the island, and became the mother of our talented and popular P.R.A.

So Kam Hill is going to retire from the world of the café-concert in order to turn business man! He may be said to have been the first

Parisian "clubman" who gave up society for the stage, or rather, the platform. For some years he proved a serious rival to Paulus and other popular Parisian entertainers, and his "turn" was always one of the events of the evening. Attired in the smartest and most correct evening-dress, or, better still, garbed in the pink which more often serves to brighten a ball-room than to enliven the hunting-field, Kam Hill distinctly scored over the more bourgeois of his competitors. He made and saved a considerable sum of money, and is about to realise the long-cherished dream—also, by the way, that of his famous comrade Yvette—of settling down into a well-filled but peaceful private life.

My fancy has been tickled by the intimation I read in a morning contemporary the other day, to this effect—

Our Special Correspondent in Moscow telegraphs us privately that he has had the honour to receive the gold badge and blue ribbon which alone procures admission to the solemn ceremony of to-day,

which makes me put this jingle into the editorial mouth—

In Antarctic regions far,  
And where gleams the Polar Star,  
From the Russias to the line of the Equator,  
Lo! Our Correspondents brave  
Flit and fly and run and rave,  
And Our Correspondents—well, they take the 'tater!  
There's Our Man in Ashantee,  
He's as merry as a flea,  
For his daily dress is handkerchief and buskin;  
And his artless evening-suits  
(Without handkerchiefs or boots)  
Should fascinate a Whistler or a Ruskin.  
They do it *comme il faut*—  
In gay France Our Man's a beau,  
And in Munich (so he wires) he lives on lager;  
But the free list if they gain,  
There's no honour doth remain  
For these minstrels of the Universal Saga.  
If they steal a leather badge  
In their meritorious cadge  
After news for which all Europe is a-dying,  
Ho! the Cables shake in motion  
As the word, beneath the Ocean,  
To their Editor, their Editor goes flying.  
And to don your evening-dress  
It is joy and happiness—  
It's a sign of aristocracy and breeding;  
And it's O! to wear a badge  
When you're out upon the cadge  
To discover on what Princes may be feeding.  
But the Badge of Gold and Blue! . . .  
What! They've given it to you!  
You, the earthworm of the *Skibbereen Review*?  
Help me, friends; O, black mistake!  
Stay me, lest my buttons break;  
Our Man, Our Man has wasted a good fiver!

By the same post one day last week I received these two letters—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Your apology or the name of your second! Once in evil days I had the bone of my leg dislocated, and another smaller ankle one (a perfect beast) broken. I believe the faculty called the combination "Pott's Fracture." I did not find Pott so amusing as your medical friend. But I utilised him (multiplied  $x$  times to suit circumstances) for Mad Sir U. And that's how Pott felt. If you don't want to feel like Pott (and wish you didn't) when next I come up to town (and I'm coming soon), you'd better take it back.—Cordially and emphatically yours,

S.R. Cockett

Bank House, Penicuik, Midlothian.

SIR,—The last issue of *Sketch* contains an article in which the author makes this singular statement: "Mrs. Beringer's best-known theatrical work is her adaptation of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'" I should not think it necessary to correct this, but that on one or two occasions I have heard rumours that this remarkable error is accepted by some persons, and when it is recorded in a publication largely devoted to theatrical news it seems as well to notice it. Mrs. Beringer had no connection whatever with the play but a purely business one. She obtained from me the ordinary right to produce it, and her daughters took parts in it. The dramatisation was my own, and it seems curious that fact should be forgotten, as I engaged in a much-discussed lawsuit to establish my right to produce my version against a pirated and unauthorised one. The case was decided in my favour. The play was written before I had met Mrs. Beringer.

Yours sincerely,  
Frank Hodgson Parsons

63, Portland Place, W.

For a long period the art of miniature-painting has, in a measure, been overshadowed by photography; but, as a proof of the keen interest shown in its present revival, a Society of Miniature-Painters has been organised by Mr. Alfred Praga, assisted by Lord Ronald Gower and many other influential men interested or engaged in this branch of art. Already the society numbers among its committee and members Professor Herkomer, R.A., Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and Mr. Launsden Propert, together with the majority of the leading miniature-painters, and is receiving support from the highest quarters.

"Ma'mzelle Nitouche," by Meilhac and Millaud, which Miss May Yohe revived at the Court Theatre on Monday (too late for me to notice in this issue), has had an interesting stage career in England. It is a long time since, in the original version, Madame Judic introduced the pert little Nitouche into whom the demure convent pupil Denise de Flavigny is transformed, and it is also some years since the American actress Lotta appeared in the same part at the Opéra Comique. That was, of course, in the English adaptation, which was revived at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, May 6, 1893, by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyatt; Miss May Yohe appearing in the title-rôle, Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Robert Pateman, as the organist-comic-opera-composer and the peppery Major respectively, resuming characters which they had previously sustained, and Mr. Arthur Playfair, as the theatrical manager, in the first place "taking-off" Mr. George Edwardes, and afterwards Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

About the August Bank Holiday of the same year, when Miss Yohe had left the company, some time prior to the production of "Little Christopher Columbus," the name-part in "Nitouche" was taken up for a short time by a transatlantic beauty, Miss Sylvia Gerrish, who was flatteringly described as having "the finest figure in America." Mr. Fred Storey also was then introduced into the company, and Misses Violet Melnotte, Delia Carlyle, and Elsie Chester continued to do capable work, while between the acts serpentine dances were given by Ida Fuller, sister-in-law, as I have recently explained, to "La Loie."

At the beginning of the September, when the house reopened after the "hot spell," more changes were made at the hundred and fifth performance, Mr. Charles Glenney replacing Mr. Pateman, Mr. Leonard Russell succeeding Mr. Wallace Brownlow as the lover Fernand de Champatreau, and the character of Nitouche being assigned to Mdlle. Marie Elba, whose London début, though promising enough, scarcely presaged her latter-day triumph as Hänsel in Humperdinck's delightful fairy opera.

With regard to the company performing "The Span of Life," at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Herbert Vyvyan, who shares the comedy scenes with Miss Sydney Fairbrother, is very much at home in the domain of Sutton Vane melodrama; so, too, is Mr. Gerald Kennedy, who toured for a long time with the same author's play, "For England"; while the representative of the hero, Mr. Ernest E. Norris, has latterly been

leading man at the Surrey, his immediate predecessors in this by no means unenviable position at Mr. George Conquest's house having been Mr. Clarence Hague, now and for some years a member of the Lyceum Company, and Mr. Ernest Leicester, who has been playing lead with Miss Olga Nethersole in America.

The last-mentioned will, no doubt, introduce us at the Gaiety, on Saturday, to her famous "Carmen Kiss." Prosper Merimée's heroine, I should note, is being successfully portrayed in the States, in another stage-version of the story, by Miss Elita Proctor Otis, a lady who has had a somewhat romantic career as actress and woman of letters.

Miss Edith Ostlere, the heroine of "One of the Best," at the Adelphi, is a niece of Miss May Ostlere, the popular waltz-writer. I fancy she was brought out by the Dacres—at least, I remember her, five or six years ago, playing with them in "The Double Marriage." She was good in "Bootle's Baby."

The financial difficulties which have so persistently interfered with the completion of the Brixton Theatre since those early days when a large notice-board was for long the only sign of its existence, and when even the exertions of the late Mr. Arthur Blackmore were unable to clear the way, have, I believe, at length been finally removed, and the handsome building, so admirably situated and almost completed, will be rapidly "finished off," it being hoped that an inaugural ceremony of some sort will take place in a few weeks' time and the theatre be regularly opened in the early autumn. It is possible that Mr. Forbes-Robertson may favour Brixtonians with his presence on the occasion I have referred to; but, versatile gentleman as he is, I fear that even he will be unable to carry out the programme so kindly provided for him by the "dramatic gossip" of a contemporary, and "lay the foundation-stone" of a finished or nearly finished building. Besides, this important stone has already been "well and truly laid" by Sir Henry Irving, with much ceremony and jubilation.

The theatre, if run on the lines of the Grand and the Métropole, should answer admirably, for its doors are passed by trams and buses from the City, the West-End, Streatham, Clapham, Camberwell, and Kennington, while the Brixton station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway is within a walk of a few minutes.



MISS OSTLERE.

Photo by Morgan, Aberdeen.

## THE LATE M. CONSTANTIN HÉGER.

BY THE EDITOR OF "L'ÉTOILE BELGE."

M. Constantin Héger has just died at the age of eighty-seven in Brussels. He was the loved and respected teacher of at least three generations of pupils of both sexes, and exercised a considerable influence over the early studies of many contemporary persons of distinction. Among these must be mentioned, as being particularly interesting to Great Britain, Charlotte Brontë, who is better known under the pseudonym of "Currer Bell."

M. Héger was born in Brussels in 1809, and early made up his mind to adopt the profession of teaching, for which he had a real vocation. He had already obtained his diploma as a professional teacher, and had just made a start when the Revolution of 1830 broke out. Though a newly married man, he did not hesitate to take up arms against the Dutch, and, volunteering for active service, he took part in the series of battles which resulted in the proclamation of the independence of his country.

This same year, 1830, which had seen the dawn of Belgian liberty, brought a great misfortune into M. Héger's life. He lost his young wife, whose brother, M. Chapelle, had been mortally wounded by his side on the barricades of September. His despair was so profound that it was feared he would not survive. It was in the practical work of teaching, to which he devoted himself heart and soul, that he found the strength to recover himself. Subsequently he followed, without ever deviating from the path of persistent toil and of strict probity, the path which he had marked out for himself.

Professor at the Royal Athénée of Brussels, he was successively appointed to the Seventh Latin Class, in which post he remained for a long time, and to the fourth and third classes; the latter he quitted to take over the headmastership of the establishment.

But he found, after some time, that he held very different views, with regard to the educational methods to be followed, from those of the General Inspector of Schools, and he resolved, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of the Committee of Management of the Athénée, seconded by the General Inspector himself, who was no other than the famous Latin grammarian Gantrelle, to send in his resignation of headmaster, in order to, take up again, with an antique simplicity, the Seventh Class, which he had, moreover, never ceased to regret.

In the meanwhile M. Héger had married again, and his wife had opened, in the Rue d'Isabelle, a girls' school, which soon acquired a considerable and justified reputation. M. Héger himself took charge of the upper French classes, and it was owing to this fact that he was brought into frequent contact with the young Englishwoman who ultimately became famous under the pseudonym of "Currer Bell."

The daughter of a poor clergyman, Charlotte Brontë came to Brussels about the year 1843, in order to ask Madame Héger to receive her sister and herself into her school. Although the young lady was exceedingly plain, and entirely ignorant of the French language, Madame Héger accepted her offer, and for two years running the young girl was an inmate of the house in the Rue d'Isabelle, and was one of those who attended the classes held by M. Constantin Héger, who, with a truly admirable conscientiousness, set his mind to teach her the French language. This the excellent Professor did in the following fashion. He made a careful list of the best French classics, and it was by the study and the reading of these works, without the help of grammar or dictionary, that Charlotte Brontë learnt French. It is necessary to add that the lively intelligence of the pupil encouraged the teacher in his task. At the end of two years the future English novelist spoke and wrote correctly the language of Bossuet, Racine, and Voltaire.

Once this end had been achieved, Madame Héger, considering that her part of the contract morally entered into between herself and Charlotte had been completely fulfilled, refused to receive Miss Brontë a third year in her school. According to the statements of her own schoolfellows, the daughter of the English clergyman was anything but popular. She was also older than the other pupils, among whom she perhaps felt herself to be in a somewhat undignified position. Madame Héger was, therefore, not sorry to put an end to the connection.

The humiliating refusal to which she had been exposed sorely wounded Charlotte Brontë, who was not happy in her father's house; a drunken brother, who beat her, continually disturbed the clergyman's household, described later by herself as a hell on earth. The thought

of stopping in this wretched atmosphere, which contrasted so powerfully with the house of the Rue d'Isabelle, where she had spent two happy and peaceful years, caused her keen distress. She warned Madame Héger that she would take her revenge, and this threat was soon carried out.

"Currer Bell" was about to reveal herself. Charlotte Brontë wrote, *ab irato*, a book which constitutes an absolute defamatory libel. In this work she painted, in completely false colours, the establishment where she had been hospitably entertained, and those who had dwelt there by her side, namely, the head-mistress, the masters, the mistresses, and the pupils. M. Héger himself, to whom she also owed the whole of her education in French, was caricatured in this story, in which, nevertheless, the author gave proof of indisputable ability and revealed literary qualities of the first rank. M. Héger felt deeply the ingratitude of his famous pupil, with whom, it need hardly be added, he never afterwards held any communication.

The sensation made by Charlotte Brontë's book ("Villette") was so great that the Pensionnat Héger became henceforth the object of a perpetual pilgrimage on the part of Englishmen and Englishwomen anxious to visit the institution described by "Currer Bell." But it is as well to add that the calumnies of the writer had no effect on the prosperity of the house, which was guaranteed from every attack by the excellence of its instruction and its clearly established lofty moral tone.

The Pensionnat Héger continued to exist down to 1894. After

Madame Héger's death, which occurred in 1889, her two elder daughters took over the management of the school. The institution had been transferred, a little while before, from the Rue d'Isabelle to the Avenue Louise. The old building in the Rue d'Isabelle, recently sold to the town of Brussels, has been condemned to be pulled down. On its site will be built a primary school.

M. Constantin Héger, who had already given up teaching for several years, went on living in absolute retirement, and his life flickered out without pain, like a lamp deprived of oil. He taught for fifty-two years, and among his pupils were numbered both men and women who had attained the highest social position and who were known for their intellectual culture. He was, by general agreement, an incomparable teacher, and his goodness of heart, no less than the breadth and variety of his knowledge, is spoken of in the highest terms. There were few bad pupils of whom he did not end by making something. To succeed in this he employed methods equally simple and original. He was unsurpassed in winning the confidence of a child, in conquering idleness, and in compelling attention by the most subtle ways.

His devotion to teaching was the principal feature of his life. He never proved false to his opinions in any educational matter. He was a convinced advocate of State intervention, and ever since 1834 maintained

that, if all ought to have the power of teaching, to the State belongs the duty of teaching. He was a practising Catholic, whose faith was as great as his tolerance. He respected the convictions of others just as he exacted respect for his own, and he counted many sincere friends in the various opposing parties which make up his country.

His death aroused universal grief, and on the occasion of his funeral the same feelings of cordial sympathy, high esteem, and profound respect were manifested which were spontaneously exhibited in 1886 at the celebration of his golden wedding.

ALBERT COLIN.

*The above has peculiar interest not merely from the well-known fact that M. Héger was the original of Charlotte Brontë's Paul Emanuel in "Villette," but because it presents—naturally with many inaccuracies and considerable misunderstanding of "Currer Bell's" real character—the Belgian view of Miss Brontë's relations with the Hégers. It may be added that Dr. Héger, the only son of M. Héger, has revised this article, which is a perfectly just tribute to the high character and rare endowment of his late father.—EDITOR, SKETCH.*

The Russo-Greek royal marriage will probably take place in July, at Bouzoun. Both King George and Queen Olga have painful associations with St. Petersburg, for it was there that their beautiful eldest daughter, the Princess Alexandra of Greece, was married to the Grand Duke Paul. The present bride-elect is said to be very like her aunt the Princess of Wales, and is much liked in Athens. By her marriage to the Grand Duke George, Princess Marie becomes sister-in-law to the Czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Zenia, and she will be yet another link binding together the Danish and Russian royalties.



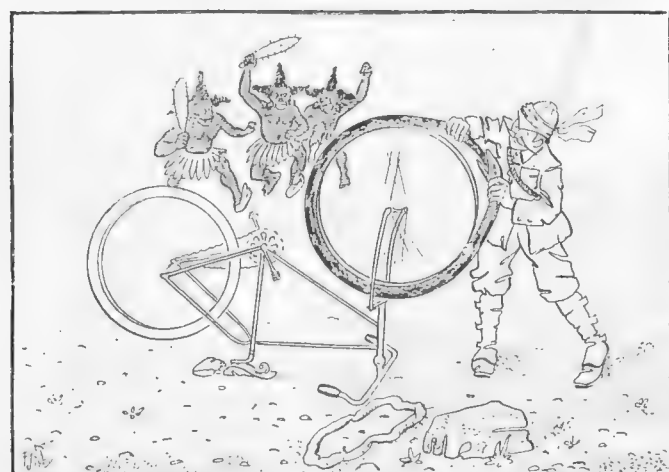
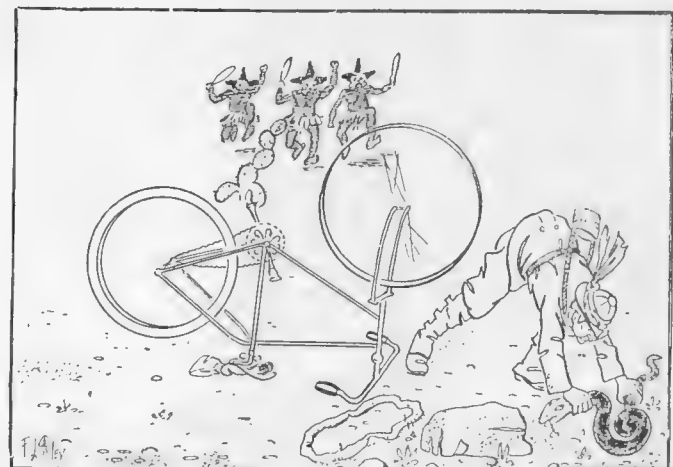
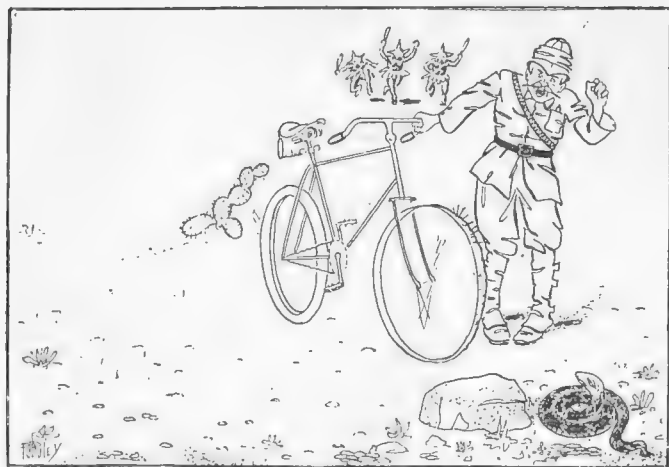
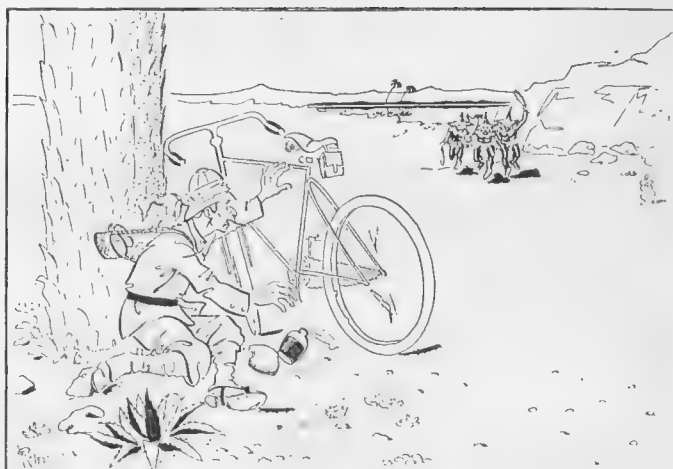
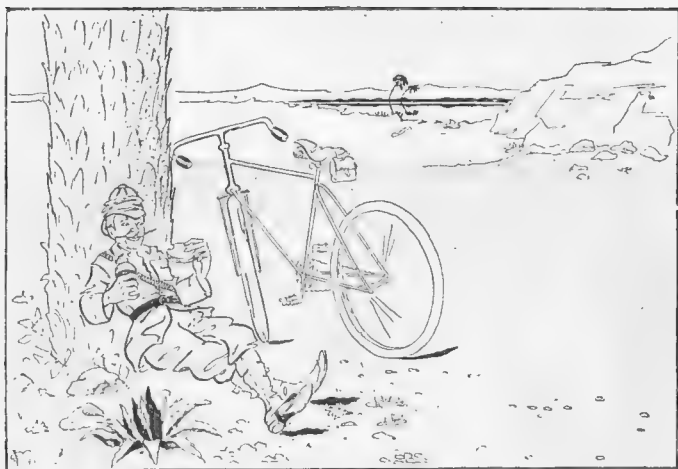
M. HÉGER.

Photo by C. de Trez, Brussels.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"I think I've met you somewhere?"  
"Very likely; I'm generally there."





MISSIONARY (*from China*): Yes, money is sadly needed for the enlightenment of these poor heathen.  
HIS WIFE: Why, they actually used to call us foreign devils.  
HOSTESS: Dear me! how very rude of them to be so personal!

## A MAKER OF SCHOOL-BOOKS.

## A FEW WORDS WITH DR. W. F. COLLIER.

Agreeable to editorial mandate (writes a *Sketch* representative) I made my way recently to Cliftonville, a not unpleasant suburb of Belfast, and stormed the rugged, mediæval-looking edifice known as the "Royal Academy," behind whose frowning walls lurked my suspecting victim. It was lunch-time, and the chill silence of the vast and severely simple interior somewhat damped the ardour of my attack. To be in keeping with such surroundings, thought I, the subject of my quest must be half-pedant, half-ascetic; but a single glance at Dr. Collier, as I entered his sanctum, showed at once how man can rise superior to his environments. In the presence of this tall, portly figure, with its bland and genial eye, I forgot the drab seminary, and wandered, in imagination, to the sea-washed sand-dunes of Newcastle. Out of the



DR. COLLIER.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

depths issued a rich voice carolling the well-known air of "Twickenham Ferry," and back again came to me the words of Dr. Collier's rollicking parody—

Gay the red coats on the Green o' the Kinnegar;  
White soars the ball in the air frae the sea,  
Bright as a glint o' the sun on a spinnaker—  
Leize me on lads that can drive frae the tee.  
There are chieftains in the city wha canna tell why  
Big men should gae hackin' at whins or at sand!  
Oh! it's little they ken o' the joys of a lie,  
Wi' a brassy or cleek grippit ticht in your hand,  
Ho-o-o: Ho-o-o: Ho-o-o: Fore!

Checking an unholy desire to ask the Doctor something concerning his experiences as a pioneer of golf in Ulster, I came, rather abruptly, to Heeuba, and mildly inquired if he had anything to urge against unfolding to me the principal influence which went to make his abiding interest in history and inspired him to write his very popular manuals.

"No, I'm afraid not. After graduating at Trinity College, as befitted a Dublin man, I was reading for the Bar, when my father's sudden death, and the responsibilities thereby accruing, obliged me to take to teaching. Like billiard-marking and some other pursuits, the vocation is one that no young man (I was only nineteen then) ever enters upon deliberately. But I soon found the work congenial, and, after forty years' teaching in the English Language and Literature, the zest remains unabated. In my own school-days we learned Goldsmith's "England," "Greece," and "Rome"—readable and pleasant enough books, if not very reliable—but, later on, I had to teach from such appallingly dry manuals as Spalding's "Literature" and White's "England."

"And the inspiration for your first book?"

"Came, in a way, from Macaulay, who was then fresh and new. I resolved to follow modestly in his footsteps, and do for my pupils what the great historian was doing for the world at large. When I was on the staff of the Madras College, St. Andrews, in 1857, the Scottish School-book Association offered a prize of forty pounds for a new History

of England. I made up my mind at once to compete, but, as the book grew, I deemed it wiser to offer it to a publisher instead. So I sent the manuscript to T. Nelson and Sons, of Edinburgh. A week later I saw Thomas Nelson junior, and, in my young audacity (as I thought), asked one hundred pounds for the copyright. He smiled, and offered me the half. I held out; and I still well remember how he put his head between his hands to calculate this *awful* risk. I got the hundred pounds. This first book of mine, now known all over the world, appeared as the 'School-History of the British Empire,' and made a hit at once. Tommy Nelson, as we playfully called him, died lately, worth a million, to which Collier's 'British Empire' contributed its fair share. Alack! in the old days at St. Andrews a cheque 'on account' sent me home as proud as a young peacock—and as foolish."

"You did other work, I presume, for the Nelsons?"

"Yes. During my eleven years in the Edinburgh Academy I wrote constantly for the firm. It was stiff-enough work, for I taught seven hours daily, kept a houseful of boarders, and sat at the desk from seven to ten regularly without flinching. This was my most fruitful time of authorship—the thirties of my life. Among the dozen or so school-books written at this time, I think that the 'Great Events of History,' a *résumé* of the Christian era, and the 'History of English Literature,' treated biographically, were the most telling volumes. It has gratified me often to know, from letters, reviews, and magazine articles, that the 'Literature' has stimulated many students, both women and men, to enter on a career of authorship, perilous often, profitable seldom, but, of all professions, honestly toiled at, yielding more of sweet than bitter."

"And what, in your opinion, is the general trend of the writing of English history?"

"Undoubtedly towards the Primer. Froude once urged me never to indulge in a single vitally unnecessary adjective, and to be exceedingly chary in the use of superlatives. Sound-enough advice this—the briefer the sentence the better for childish comprehension. But a little discreet picturesqueness is not thrown away on the school-boy, who delights in a well-told story. My experience as a teacher has been of very considerable advantage to me in this respect. Stubbs and Freeman, later on the historic war-path, have challenged my manuals in vain. Not understanding the school-boy (including the girl), they gave him ponderous slabs of information which proved utterly indigestible in the face of an urgent exam."

Of Dr. Collier's remarkable gifts as a moulder of the youthful mind I had assured myself, by the way, before attacking his citadel. At the public dinner given to the historian in 1870, on his leaving Edinburgh for Glasgow, did not the Right Hon. Lord Moncrieff, Lord Justice-Clerk for Scotland, in a remarkable speech, assert that "from the first, he not only inspired respect and vindicated authority, but conciliated that affection without which the master's rod is of little weight, and the master's learning never comes to fruit"?

"I suppose there are other serious difficulties in the way of successful history-writing?"

"Yes; unfortunately, sectarian rancour has still to be reckoned with, the world over. Let your work be done never so dispassionately, it is impossible to avoid taking sides. You cannot, for instance, evade Luther. My earlier manuals were all written from a strong Protestant standpoint, but, when I found them coming into general vogue, I thought proper to moderate my tone somewhat, and call the Papists Roman Catholics, placing everything 'in a concatenation accordingly.' Even yet I occasionally hear the voice of protest from New Zealand, or, mayhap, Canada. It has always been among the small worries of my life, this question of bias, and once turned the scales against me at the local Queen's College, when I was a candidate for the chair vacated by the late Professor Craik."

"And yet your experience has been very valuable. Has it not enabled you at last to solve the question in your capital little 'History of Ireland'?"

"Yes, of that—shall I say achievement?—I am naturally somewhat proud. Nowhere does religious or political feeling run higher than in our own country, and yet the book has pleased Protestant and Catholic alike. It has delighted me to learn that, from the tenour of the narrative, no one can divine to what Church or party I belong."

After learning that Dr. Collier has in the press "A Story-Book of European History" for general readers, I took my leave under the conviction that I had been in the presence of a man whose influence was potent for the making of future history, as his pen had been in embalming the past.

A selection from Sir John Vanbrugh is the latest addition to the "Mermaid Series." One's gratitude for this library, which gives us not very accessible literature in a wonderfully cheap form, is a little mingled with discontent of late. Outwardly the volumes have never been attractive, but the editing has lately left much to be desired. The text is well looked after, but the introductory matter for the Chapman volume and this one is unsatisfactory. The preface to the former was written by a critic who had no idea of the greatness of the man he had the honour of commenting on, and Mr. Swain, though he has been a close student of Vanbrugh's work and life, has the air of tossing the carefully revised information at you, and depends on Leigh Hunt's essay, which, by-the-by, is no very fine affair, to attract readers. This is a pity, since he thus depreciates the real value of his own researches in the eyes of those for whom the library is intended, who are not scholars, and whose patronage is so uncertain as to demand much geniality on the part of editors and expounders.

## THE PRIMITIVE SCHOOL-BOOK.

## MR. TUER'S STUDY OF HORN-BOOKS.

Rarely has the antiquary come into closer touch with actuality, never has Mr. Dryasdust—popularly pictured as a childless, crusty bachelor—fluttered round childhood with more care than Mr. Andrew Tuer,



A TYPICAL HORN-BOOK.

who has just written a "History of the Horn-Book" (Leadenhall Press). It is, in effect, the story of the primitive school-book, the story of the "A B C," and yet, simple as the subject seems, it runs into two handsome vellum-covered volumes of nearly five hundred pages and some two hundred illustrations. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more minute investigation into any subject, or a more elaborate and painstaking specimen of book-making, the more so that the author has been at the pains of providing a great number of reproductions of the simpler forms of horn-books used in mediæval England and in the seventeenth century.

The best definition that has been given of a horn-book is probably that of Dr. Brewer, who described this, the most primitive and picturesque form of the "A B C," as "a board of oak about nine inches long, and five or six wide, on which was printed the alphabet, the nine digits, and sometimes the Lord's Prayer. It had a handle, and was covered in front with a sheath of thin horn to prevent its being soiled, and the back-board was ornamented with a rude sketch of St. George and the Dragon." This board and its horn cover were held together by a narrow frame or border of brass.

The oldest horn-books were undoubtedly frequently used in the schools and common-rooms of the great monasteries. In the earliest specimens the letters are arranged in the form of a Latin cross, with the A at the top and Z at the bottom. Somewhat later the alphabet was arranged in lines, but a cross was always placed at the beginning, and almost invariably the Pater Noster, or Lord's Prayer, was added at the end. After the Reformation the cross continued to be printed before the alphabet, but children were probably told to substitute the saying of the words Christ's Cross for making the sign of the Cross, and soon the first

sign on the horn-book became the familiar but unmeaning Chris-Cross. Finally, in the horn-books used by our immediate forebears the cross was replaced by an X, though the other features remained much the same, as witness the following lines descriptive of a seventeenth-century horn-book—

Neatly secured from being soiled or torn  
Beneath a pane of thin, transparent horn,  
A book (to please us at a tender age,  
'Tis called a book though but a single page)  
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,  
Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.

As was natural, the horn-book, even when relegated entirely to the use of the nursery and school-room, benefited by the artistic taste so often displayed by our ancestors when fashioning their household goods and other articles in common use. While the yeoman's boy learnt his letters and his prayers from a horn-book backed with a rude image of St. George and the Dragon, the squireling was early presented with a horn-book mounted in silver, often of exquisite filigree workmanship. Queen Elizabeth once gave a beautiful silver horn-book to Lord Chancellor Egerton, which probably played a considerable rôle in the school-rooms at Tatton before it became too valuable a relic to be given into little hands.

The horn-book also played an important rôle in mediæval art; a picture by Leonardo da Vinci was long known as "The Boy with the Horn-book," and a favourite Italian presentment of St. Anne is that in which she is shown teaching the Virgin from a horn-book, while in Rembrandt's group, "Christ Blessing Little Children," now in the National Gallery, one of the tiny figures is depicted with a horn-book suspended from his girdle, for this seems to have been at one time a very common way of holding it. A singularly charming pictured horn-book is that which figures in the portrait of Miss Campion, given as frontispiece to Mr. Tuer's first volume, and in which a stately baby maiden belonging to a notable Essex family is painted firmly grasping her framed alphabet.

One of the strangest features of the romance of the horn-book is the great rarity of these once familiar objects. Thousands—nay, millions—of horn-books must have been which now are not. *Cela donne à penser*, and surely proves how little we can know of past manners and customs. Mr. Tuer, who seems to have ransacked not only the Old World but also the New in search of specimens, has only come across the traces of some hundred and fifty, some, it must be admitted, extremely ancient, others far younger than the century, for in country districts—notably in Scotland—the horn-book was in use till comparatively lately. Horn-books seem also to have formed part of the slender cargo of the *Mayflower*, and they are not unfrequently mentioned in the older American literature, but exceedingly few specimens have survived in New England.

Early in this century the horn-book altered in character, the wooden base being replaced by millboard or cardboard. Among the last wooden tablets used in English schools was the deal slab, with alphabet and figures on one side and syllabarium on the other; published by the Sunday School Union, and known as "Freeman's Lesson Board."

Mr. Tuer has been at some pains to quote a selection of the many references made to horn-books in English literature. To the year 1600 belong some quaint anonymous verses which have, in their modern dress, a suggestion of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses"—

To learn the baby's A B C  
Is fit for children, not for me.  
I know the letters all so well,  
I need not learn the way to spell;  
And for the cross before the row,  
I learnt it all too long ago.

Peculiarly charming must have been the gingerbread horn-books offered as bribes to the little folk clever enough to master their A B C; but Matthew Prior has it—

To Master John the English Maid  
The horn-book gives of Gingerbread;  
And that the child may learn the better,  
As he can name, he eats the Letter.

Something of the kind still survives on the Continent. Both in France and Belgium gingerbread *tablettes*, on which are printed, or rather, outlined, verses and Christian names, are a feature of the country fairs.

Of course, the sampler is closely allied to the horn-book, contriving to pay the double debt of teaching letters and stitches. In these days of high schools and women's colleges, it is difficult to realise that not so very long ago—in fact, early in this century—the education of many an English maiden began and ended with her sampler. But, curiously enough, the later specimens are far less admirable in colour and execution than those worked during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

Some of the legends which the merry little maids of a bygone day worked into their samplers are very quaint. For example—

When I was young  
And in my prime,  
You see how well  
I spent my time;  
And by my sampleis  
You may see  
What care my parent  
Took of me.

Mr. Tuer has just skimmed the subject of samplers, but a fascinating book might be written about this art, unhappily forgotten.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

It cannot be said that the death of Mr. Edward Armitage, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, deprives the art world of a man who had much more to add to the artistic experiences of men; but, if his record cannot be described as a great one, it must be regarded as one eminently useful,



RESTING.—J. ERNEST BREUN.  
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.

meritorious, and even distinguished. He had received, and deservedly, most of the honours which his art can confer upon an artist, and his work includes a lengthy category of admired and sufficiently well-known achievements.

He was born in London, in 1817, of a Yorkshire family, and early in life he entered Paul Delaroche's studio in Paris, where he assisted that celebrated artist in various decorative works upon which he was at the time engaged. A little later he turned himself to historical painting of all kinds and all periods—Scriptural, mythological, and national—to which his allegiance seldom proved false. His first important work in this country, "The Landing of Julius Cæsar," won for him a prize of £300 in the rather dismally famous Cartoon Exhibition at Westminster Hall. At the age of twenty-eight he carried off a prize of £200 from the same exhibition, for a cartoon called "The Spirit of Religion," and two years later the Queen purchased his "Battle of Meeanee" for the sum of £500. From this date his successful career was assured. In 1848 he exhibited his "Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr" and his "Death of Nelson" at the Royal Academy, which henceforth stood for the yearly record of his progress. His pictorial bent may be gathered from the titles of some among his subsequent pictures—"The Death of Marmion," "The Mother of Moses Hiding after Exposing her Child," "The Burial of a Christian Martyr in the Time of Nero," "St. Francis and his Early Followers before Pope Innocent III.," and "Julian the Apostate Presiding at a Conference of Sectarians." His work was conscientious, sincere, and thorough. It did not exactly partake of the poetical quality in art, but it was not lacking either in nobility or in dignity, and his life rightly partook of these characteristics. It is two years since he retired from active duty, and was then inscribed on the list of retired R.A.'s. He was a credit to English art, and in every respect fulfilled the part of an honourable man and a not undistinguished artist.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—W. H. LONGMAID.

Messrs. Obach, in their exhibition now on view at their gallery in Cockspur Street, only follow in the movement of the past winter when they show a charming little collection of pictures belonging to the French Romantic School. Without pretending that this collection shows these masters at their best, it may be said that it represents them in moments of full vitality and the spring of life. Corot's "Colonnier" is a delicious example of his brightness, his sunlit joyousness, and his lightest humour. Diaz, perhaps, is here at his best, and there are one or two Monticellis that are gorgeous in their characteristic colour and splendour. Daubigny, too, is here, showing his grand inheritance of a great tradition; and, in a word, this collection proves again that of a first-rate thing the world cannot have too much. If this school were not first-rate, London would have tired months ago.

The Continental Gallery, following in the train of the inevitable fashion, also exhibits a collection of French pictures, but modified by the salt of Dutch art. Unfortunately, the new show does not exactly rise to the level of so many even among the smaller exhibitions, a fact which, under the circumstances, does not tend to arouse sentiments of peace in the heart of the critic. There is a pair of Mesdags which are certainly valuable and interesting, and examples of Munthe are not without merit. But where so many galleries have done so much to show these schools at their best, it is a pity that a collection somewhat inferior to its predecessors should attempt to attract notice at the end of a long season.

And as this school is engaging the attention, it may be supposed that M. van Wisselingh, in his sprinkling of Corots and Diaz's among other examples of differing artistic manners and modes, has more or less exhausted all that there is to be shown here of the Romantic School for some little time to come. Corot's "Hay-field" is a remarkable study of



CHLOE.—W. H. LONGMAID.  
"In sweetest measures skilled."

light, the morning light that is cool after the dawn before the noonday heats have spread abroad. But here, too, is a beautiful Whistler pastel—a Venetian doorway; and M. Carolus-Duran is shown in two early studies; while Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. Lemon, and Mr. Peppercorn show not unworthily even here among the great Frenchmen.

At the first meeting of the members of the Cabinet Picture Society the following officers were elected for 1896; namely, President, Mr. J. L. Pickering; Vice-President, Mr. Carlton A. Smith, R.I.; Council, Messrs. Almond, Wilfrid Ball, R.P.E., Bundy, R.I., Clifford, Val Davis, Farquharson, Kinsley, Sheridan Knowles, R.I., Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A., Scott, R.I., Weedon, R.I., and Terriek Williams. Sixty members contribute works to the inaugural exhibition, which has just opened at the society's gallery, 175, New Bond Street.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation on all hands that there is now not a public museum or art gallery in London which is not open to the public on Sundays. The National Portrait Gallery, obviously for reasons of convenience, was the last to fall in line; but all obstacles have now been removed, and this gallery also has thrown open its gates to Sunday visitors. It would be tedious to recite any full list of the numbers of visitors to all the various art institutions of the Metropolis on a recent Sunday; but it may be mentioned that no less than 2659 people visited South Kensington Museum on that day, 2393 the Natural History Museum, 2106 the National Gallery, and 1790 the British Museum. These are very satisfactory statistics, and it is only to be hoped that they will increase substantially when the benefits that such galleries afford to men whose leisure hours are so few and so limited are more widely realised.

## THE ART OF FLYING.

Who that has ever watched the circling and darting of swallows, the swift swoop of the eagle, the tireless poising of the albatross, has not been filled with the vague desire to imitate them, recognising, however, that this most beautiful and useful of all arts seems to be the one unattainable by modern science?

And yet, as a distinguished professor said recently, "we have more intelligence than birds."

It is evidently not intelligence that is so much in question in the matter of flying as the means required to sustain our weight in the



MR. PILCHER CARRYING HIS MACHINE.

atmosphere, and from the earliest times ambitious mortals have been endeavouring to imitate the creatures of the air.

The story of Icarus shows, at least, that the problem had preoccupied the minds of the ancients; but the first authentic instance of a man flying seems to be that of a Saracen, whose name has not been handed down, who, in the presence of a large assembly at Constantinople, in the year 1178, took a short aerial journey in a machine, but soon losing his balance fell to the ground and received severe injuries.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, a mathematician bearing the name of Dante succeeded in soaring over Lake Trasimene, but on a subsequent occasion fell in the public square of Perugia and broke his leg. Paul Guidotti, an artist born in 1569, constructed a pair of artificial wings which enabled him to soar with some success, but ultimately he also fell and broke his leg. In 1863 a Spanish peasant named Orujo invented an apparatus with wings which carried him along in a gale of wind, like a huge grasshopper, with considerable velocity.

In 1867, Captain Le Bris, a French sailor, obtained a certain success with a flying apparatus, but like all his predecessors he finished up by injuring himself.

And now at the present moment we have a number of enthusiastic aeronauts quietly flying in various parts of the world—England, Germany, France, and the States.

Professor Langley, in Washington, has constructed an apparatus which resembles the earliest-known form of steam-engine, namely, that



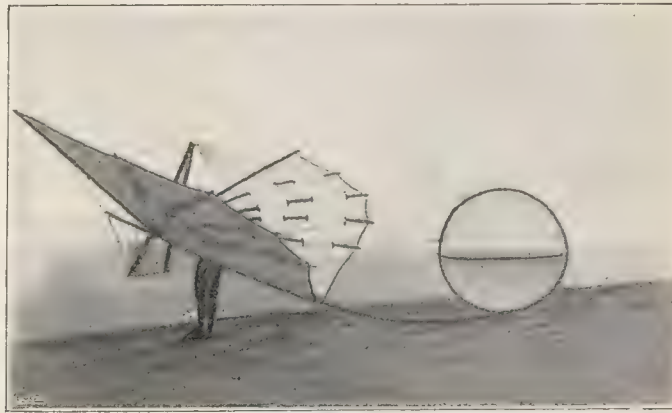
THE WINGS EXPANDED.

exhibited as a toy to King Hero. Professor Langley did not ascend in his own "aërodrome," but it is satisfactory to know that his machine careered gracefully through the atmosphere at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Mr. Hiram Maxim's flying-machine is fairly well known to the public. It may be roughly described as like a canvas tent drawn upward and onward by the force of screw propellers worked by steam. The actual machine weighs over four tons, and the engines are capable of exerting 360 horse-power. In the experiments hitherto shown to the public the machine has been kept from rising by means of iron rails, against the undersides of which the wheels of the apparatus pressed.

In France experts are occupied mainly with the problem of navigable balloons, and it is to Germany we must go to find the best example of a "natural" flyer. This is the famous Herr Lilienthal, a manufacturer of steam-engines in Berlin, who has betaken himself to his hobby of flying with true Teutonic thoroughness. Herr Lilienthal imitates the butterfly. His wings are genuine wings, made by stretching a kind of light calico over a bamboo framework. His arms are inserted into a couple of leather collars, and he grasps a horizontal bamboo stick on the frame with his hands. His legs hang, and he moves them slowly and gracefully to secure a proper balance.

Lately Herr Lilienthal has done great things. He has built a sort of pyramid about fifty feet high, and from the apex of that structure he



RISING IN A HEAD-WIND.

commits himself to space and the mercies of head-winds. The longest flight that he has been able to record is about two hundred yards in horizontal distance from his starting-point; and on the other side of the ledger he sets off, resignedly, a broken wrist.

In the later forms of Herr Lilienthal's apparatus he has arranged a very extensive sail-area over the "true" wings, and has provided himself with a rudder, with horizontal and vertical faces.

Mr. Pilcher, assistant to Mr. Hiram Maxim, is probably the most enthusiastic flyer in this country. His machine is constructed somewhat after the fashion of Herr Lilienthal's, except that he distrusts the upper sail-area in the variable and puffy winds of these latitudes.

Mr. Pilcher's wings are curved like those of a locust, and the apparatus is provided with a rudder of vertical and horizontal circular planes. The wings of the flying-machine are made of a light calico material, called "nainsook," stretched over a light wooden framework guyed and held with piano-wires.

Most of Mr. Pilcher's experiments have been made at Cardross, in Dumbartonshire. The aeronaut had found there a very convenient grass hill, with a slope towards the prevailing wind, and it was his custom to run a little down the hill and then leap into the air. He then soared gracefully and slowly—downwards.

Mr. Pilcher's machine weighs about eighty pounds, and it has a sail-area of about one hundred and seventy square feet. Against a head-wind, and in the air, the apparatus is fairly comfortable, when once



HERR LILIENTHAL IN THE AIR.

the terrible secret of balancing has been learnt. But when the wind shifts, or when the wings fan along the ground and force the experimenter to run like an exaggerated ground-lark, the pleasure is much qualified.

Mr. Pilcher's machine is on view at the Imperial Institute; and perhaps his example may lead to a fashion in this highly interesting form of sport. The utility of these experiments will probably be one day strikingly apparent, for there are a number of experts—men of genius, some of them—who are working on allied branches of the great problem of aerial navigation. Most of them hope that ere the century closes we shall have added to our resources that most attractive faculty.

ARTHUR LYNCH.

## MR. HERBERT STANDING.

The theatrical sensation of the moment is the withdrawal of "The Rogue's Comedy" from the Garrick Theatre. Produced on April 21, the first night will long be memorable from the fact that Mr. Jones declined to take his call, his non-appearance being the occasion of a disturbance in the gallery which lasted fully twenty minutes. That



MR. HERBERT STANDING.

Photo by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.

exhibition, however, is no criterion of the reception of the play on the first night. The audience, as a whole, was enthusiastic; and well might it be so, for, though "The Rogue's Comedy" did not show Mr. Jones at his high-water mark, and was infinitely inferior to "Michael and His Lost Angel," it afforded an exceedingly entertaining evening's amusement and was admirably acted by Mr. Willard and his colleagues. The play, however, was withdrawn on Saturday night, and now you will not have the opportunity of seeing Mr. Herbert Standing figure as Mr. Bailey Prothero's old pal, Robert Cushing—who, by the way, is strongly reminiscent of the

Dook of New York, the down-at-heel confederate of "the Spider" in "The Silver King."

If it had not been that Mr. Standing was born "within the sound of Bow Bells" (writes a *Sketch* representative), he would have made as fine an Irishman as ever broke a pate or drained a drop of potheen, and you have only to note the glint in his eye, to measure the strength of his muscular frame, and to listen to story on story after dinner—told with a brogue strong enough to hang your hat upon—to be prepared to hear that he comes of a strict Quaker family, inclined to peace and due decorum. I asked him if he had not in his portrait of Cushing a specially invented varnish of villainy of his own laid on to the common or garden variety of rascal not unknown at Scotland Yard.

"Well, I have somehow been frequently cast to play the part, refined or crude. I wish theatrical managers would not work so much in a groove. You have only to do pretty well as a rascal, for instance, and they nail you to the 'plank bed' for ever. I can assure you it's not pleasant to be howled at by the pit and gallery, whether as a Bill Sikes type of ruffian, or a sleek, cynical, cigarette-smoking reprobate. Often I have felt inclined to come down to the footlights, and say, 'I don't delight in cracking ribs, or sneaking silver spoons, as you may suppose, but, you see, it seems as though I had to do it.' However, I have not been always confined to villain parts."

"And the remedy?"

"Well, I think we ought to establish a Conservatoire of Dramatic Art like they have in Paris. Let the actor get a chance of playing every type of character. There should be encouraged a greater catholicism in dramatic art. The actor should be prepared to play everything, from a sheet-anchor to a bar of soap. Of course, that's a pleasantry; but there's a lot of truth in the remark. Alas! the old stock companies are almost obsolete. They formed a school indeed! Art is nowadays too often obscured by £ s. d., or we should not have these biennial runs."

"Anyhow, you have had the best of coaching?"

"Exactly. Therefore I can speak with some authority. However, I don't suppose you want me to give you the chapter and verse of my career, for nothing would be more wearisome. But I should like to tell you that I was the original Christian in 'The Bells' with Irving. This engagement led on in due course to another, which I will particularise, for I was cast as Richard Redcliffe in 'Alone in London,' a part which again doomed me to live for some time, and in other plays; a life of execration in the opinion of the gallery."

"You could narrate, I'll warrant, an interesting time with the Criterion?"

"Indeed I could. My first engagement with Charles Wyndham was for six weeks. It extended to nine years. That period of my life I shall never forget. I look back upon it with the greatest pride and pleasure. Never, in my opinion, has there existed a finer school of advancement for the young actor. As to Wyndham himself, I won't say all I should like to. But I never wish to meet a more appreciative manager of one's efforts, nor anyone more fair, in the theatrical sense of the term, to every member of the company. His stage-management inspires, too, the greatest confidence, for the curtain never goes up on a

first night unless the piece has been rehearsed to such perfection that it runs as smoothly as though it has been played a hundred nights. However, on account of individual nervousness, I'm not altogether in favour of first-night criticism. You would scarcely believe that, with the physique of a navvy, I have nerves as sensitive as those of a woman, and, candidly, I would sooner stand up before a champion boxer than face a first-night audience."

"Now, I am not going to ask you to enumerate all your appearances at the Criterion—our space is limited—but you probably can mention one or two 'pet' characters by which you would like to be best remembered?"

"My playing of Sir Percy Wagstaff in the original version of 'Pink Dominos,' and Captain MacManus in 'Betsy,' seemed to meet the popular taste, and I played these parts close on two thousand times; but my ideal part, if I were asked to choose it, would be such as combined a sympathetic blend of pathos with humour, wherein the tears and the laughter represent the condiments of the salad of life, which afford a satisfying gratification to the actor—well, at any rate, to anyone of my temperament."

"They tell me you are an ardent golfer?"

"Rumour for once speaks truth. I regret to say I am only a beginner, but none the less an enthusiast. I find golf is so good for the liver, although trying to the temper, and after a game I feel at peace with all the world. However, I should think by this time you must have got to the end of your interview, and that both of us ought to feel, as we say in golf language, pretty well 'bunkered.'"



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## CUPID'S TARGET.

BY T. NICOLET.

Some time ago I thought of adding at least three guineas to my income by colouring photographs "without hindrance to present occupation," according to the advertisement in the newspaper.

This was something genuine and well worth trying. Speculating on human vanity is sure to pay in the long run; so I thought while knocking at the door of Miss Scott's studio.

In answer to my inquiries, she declared herself most willing to help me. She was sure of my rapid progress. Everybody could learn. Of course, anyone dull and lacking artistic taste would be slower than I. This was emphasised by a bewitching smile, which made me blush; I could feel it, for I am a very timid man.

Three guineas only for a course of twelve lessons. I had to get a water-colour box—a guinea one would be quite sufficient—and Miss Scott would supply me, free of charge (I looked grateful), with a camel-hair brush, a small sable, a tiny bit of sponge, a sixpenny bottle of medium No. 2, a tumbler of water, and any number of old photos for practice.

The following afternoon at three o'clock I was taking my first lesson. Quick and lively, the lady did not waste time. She showed me how to prepare the photo by sizing it with a kind of vaseline which turned out to be medium No. 2. At last I sized and sized to perfection. The photo I was operating on was that of a well-known judge. I had better not mention his name, for, if he knew what liberties I took with his dignified face, I might be taken up for contempt of court.

I went home rejoicing. My wife was delighted.

"Well," she said, "it is a splendid investment for the three guineas. You will soon get more orders than you can take."

"Yes," I went on; "no more summer holidays in this sleepy town. We can afford a trip abroad now and then."

"That money," she said, "will come very handy for the school-fees of the children. There is Eric, who is nearly eight, and has only morning lessons. He cannot waste his afternoons any longer. That means an extra two guineas a term. Then I must have a governess for the little mites."

At the end of the second lesson I was able to cover the long-suffering image of my fellow men and even women with an opaque wash of Naples yellow tinged with the faintest suspicion of Indian red. I could wait patiently until this was dry, and then, with a steadiness of hand which the most confirmed teetotaller might have envied, I would take on the very point of my finest brush a microscopic lump of ivory-black, mixed with medium to secure its permanent brilliancy, and dash it on the very apple of the eye. The only difficulty was to make it a round spot, avoiding ragged edges. The rest was mere child's play.

Love is blind in photography as in everything else. I hardly noticed the vacant stare of those improved, tinted eyes. I was told that at their best they never looked better than soulless doll's-eyes, or like those of a professional beauty after using belladonna too freely. But I really cannot give more information, and I will not unravel the mysteries of the art of photograph-tinting, taught (not learnt) in twelve lessons, fees payable in advance.

After six lessons I gave it up; not that I felt perfectly proficient, but I perceived that the new "fad" was taking too much of my time and disturbing the peace of our family circle.

The choice of photos, being very mixed, did not stop at old judges and sedate bishops. There were a few black sheep in the fold, including two or three theatrical ladies whose dress began too late and finished too soon.

I did not like them; I had to put up with them for art's sake. I grew tired of hiding them under the paper lining of a drawer. I was getting deceitful; from deceit to fib-telling there was but one step. I felt already inclined to argue with my conscience, but I did not yield to the temptation. I rose, worked myself up to the proper pitch of indignation, and threw a handful of cards in the fire. They did not make the blaze I expected, but burnt slowly, first turning brown, then curling up their corners as if in great agony.

How many innocents were burnt on account of a few guilty ones nobody will ever know. It is human injustice and cannot be helped.

One of the photos had slid in the fender. I picked it up to throw it back into the flames, and had a last look at it.

It was that of a young lady slightly leaning against some background made of a Japanese screen. She held a fan in one hand, a rose in the other. Lovely eyes, shapely nose, a mouth rather large, the full lips exquisitely formed. The hair, coiled up in the Greek fashion, left the neck free—a neck to make a sculptor lose his heart and break his tools in despair.

You are too pretty to be cremated, I thought. I will find a frame for you, and you will have to stand on the mantelpiece, happen what may.

"Happen what may!" How little I foresaw what, indeed, was to happen!

The charming stranger had not had time to get used to her frame when there was a ring at the front door—a ring, not a rap. I concluded that it must be some foreign visitor. I knew but one, but he was worth a dozen at least.

"Cupid's target again," whispered my wife. Why she had given

him such a nickname will be better understood later on. The gentleman's name was Borel, a name sounding very much like "Bore" to the English ear of the housemaid. Mr. Borel came in, waited until he was in the drawing-room before he took off his hat, and replaced it, as usual, by a Turkish cap.

"How do you do?" he said, with that peculiar semi-baritone of his which never betrays the slightest emotion. Then he took off his gloves and blew in them with such gravity that you would have thought he was performing a rite, or, at least, blowing a soul into the clay body of some new Adam, after which he silently ranged them side by side on the corner of the piano.

I helped him to reduce his bulk by getting rid of his overcoat, and the red silk handkerchief folded round his neck and across his chest. Then Mr. Borel secured his gold-rimmed spectacles more firmly on his slightly Jewish nose, and sank slowly into the easier of our two arm-chairs.

Left an orphan, he had been brought up in the roughest fashion by a step-mother, who was no exception to the rule, birched him daily into the path of duty, and expected him to follow it in wooden shoes, because leather was too expensive for a wretched little brat like him. No maternal caresses ever encouraged the loving disposition of the child, who had only a vague recollection of his father, too much broken in health to survive his second marriage more than a week. Then came a desperate struggle with poverty, when still a youth, long years of indomitable industry and perseverance in some mysterious profession at Cairo, in spite of Egyptian flies, isolation, and ophthalmia, under a merciless sun. After fifteen years of hard work (hard labour, as he calls it) he had retired with an income sufficient to live upon.

To-day he is independent; adversity has brought out his sterling qualities and improved his appearance. He came into this world only forty-three years ago. He has but one great fault—he is still a bachelor. I was going to say that Cupid blunted his best arrows on this man's heart, but it would not be correct. If Mr. Borel is not married, it is not his fault; he is willing enough. He has tried his hardest to find some sound investment for his spare affections. He fell in love a hundred times, but the result was always nil. Mr. Borel's heart became Cupid's special target—it was as bristling with shafts as a pincushion, but somehow that dear boy Cupid could not score a bull's-eye.

Mr. Borel's attention was attracted by something on the mantelpiece. Soon we saw him get up and take into his hands the newly framed photo. He gazed at it for some time without saying a word. Nobody spoke. The tick of the clock, the hissing wail of the kettle striving to reach boiling-point, the fall of cinders, the crumbling down of coals were the only noises breaking the impressive silence. My wife and I were watching our friend's face. We thought it looked brighter, or was it the flickering blaze lighting it up? Lost in thought, Mr. Borel let the grey ashes of his cigar fall on his knee and gazed at the photo as if he could see there some mysterious sign more difficult to interpret than the hieroglyphics of his beloved Egypt.

"Who is she?" he asked at last.

I was ready for an explanation, when a wink from my wife nipped it in the bud.

SHE (*with a flash of inventive genius which is for me "the last puzzle out"*). A friend of ours, Miss Thomas. Is she not pretty?

HE (*replacing the photo on the mantelpiece*). Yes—she is pretty, but not more so than most Englishwomen. (*He resumes his indifferent attitude.*)

SHE. Did you not see her at the last Flower Show some months ago? Try to remember. She has noticed you, and often speaks of the foreign gentleman with the peaked beard. You certainly have made a strong impression on her.

HE. Well, I love that picture, and I am determined to win the original's affection. When do you think I shall be able to meet her?

The question made my wife rather thoughtful. She had begun that story just for the fun of humouring him a little, but the joke was assuming threatening proportions. Was it not our duty to stop here and explain matters to Mr. Borel, with profuse apologies? But, no, she decided otherwise. It was too amusing, and the ball must be kept rolling a little longer. Once more there was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes as she said—

"I have just hit on a splendid plan, Mr. Borel."

I pitied the plan!

HE. What is it?

SHE. You must know that there is a grand bazaar at the Assembly Rooms on behalf of the Children's Hospital. Miss Thomas will most likely have a stall for the sale of flowers or dolls. Don't forget that she may be in fancy dress and look different from that photo.

HE (*with a shrug of the shoulders expressive of the deepest conviction*). I would know her among thousands! When is the Bazaar to be open?

SHE. Next Monday, at two o'clock.

HE. I will go at about four, to avoid the first crush. I must see her; no sacrifice is too great to win her love. (*His face is radiant.*)

SHE. You know, of course, that on the first day the entrance is ten shillings?

HE (*with no radiancy left on his manly face, and a nervous twitch of the lips*). I think I had better go on Tuesday; there will be less crowd, and a better chance of talking to her.

Soon after Mr. Borel took his departure, certainly half an hour before his usual time, and we were left alone. We dared not look at

each other before our visitor was quite three doors farther up the road. It was the time-fuse before the explosion. Oh, the roars of laughter! She tried to laugh in a ladylike manner, not louder than a polite drawing-room titter, but failed. I simply screamed.

Two or three days after the bazaar Mr. Borel called on us. I asked him how he had liked it.

"Pretty well, though I spent more than I intended; but it is for a good purpose, and I must not grumble. Miss Thomas was not there. I think I saw her when I was leaving. She was with some persons, and in the crowd I was unable to get another glimpse of her. She happened to look in my direction, and I fancy I saw her start. She must have recognised me. It is unfortunate. She likes me, evidently, as you say, and when two persons have a strong inclination for one another it is the duty of their friends to bring them together. I wish you would introduce me to the young lady."

My wife found some excuse for delaying the impossible meeting.

Twice more Mr. Borel called on us with the same object. The first time the excuse was that Miss Thomas had left the town and no one knew her whereabouts; the last time we confessed our fault. He looked a little surprised, but refused to believe us.

One morning the servant brought me a card. I read the name of Rev. MacLean, and I hastened to meet the visitor. I felt quite upset, not that I ever dreaded his visit, far from it, but I was sure that Mr. Borel had something to do with it.

I was not wrong. Mr. MacLean had been sent by him to ask me the address of the young lady he was so fond of. The pastor spoke with seriousness. He was certainly giving me a mild lecture on the duties of friendship.

Then the worst came. I had to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and it was anything but pleasant.

The clergyman looked puzzled, then grieved. When I ceased speaking, he was in no hurry to resume the conversation, and his silence spoke volumes. It was getting quite oppressive.

"Mr. Borel may be a little eccentric sometimes," he said at last; "but he has qualities which I should like to see in many who seem to be always looking at his odd ways with a magnifying-glass. I can appreciate a harmless joke as much as anyone else; but this one is wanting in good taste—it has nothing to recommend it, and I little expected it from you."

His visit may not have lasted ten minutes, but at the end of it I felt ten years older.

We had grievously offended Mr. Borel, and gave up all hope of ever seeing him again. But, three months after, he came back to us. We made it up between two cups of tea, and our guileless friend asked us once more whether we could not introduce him to some other young lady.

## "INDIA," AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

The historical spectacle designed by Imre Kiralfy for the Earl's Court Exhibition is ambitious in design, colossal in dimensions, superb in general effect, and unsatisfactory as regards detail. The visitor bent on criticism is at first uncertain whether to forget the small faults on account of the general excellence or make them the ground for vigorous protest. Two acts, ten scenes, together with frequent and tedious intervals, are required for the story of "India," and from start to finish Imre Kiralfy exhibits remarkable powers of arrangement and an excellent eye for colour



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," AT THE INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION.

effects. Some of his stage pictures, with hundreds of gaily attired figures, arrest the attention and compel the admiration of all, while there are moments when the huge masses become unwieldy and give the idea that the auditorium is too small for the stage, the orchestra insufficient, and the stage-management at fault. For example, consider the first tableau of the second act, illustrating the departure of troops for India in 1858. At the end of the scene the transport-ship has to go off, and the back-cloths are shifted to give the appearance of motion. So far so good, but the rowing-boats used to convey the troops to the ship remain in their original position in regard to the vessel, and so all illusion is destroyed. This is but one of several instances in which there is an absence of effective stage-management. Moreover, the music of MM. Venanzi and Kiralfy does nothing to aid the progress of the piece. The composers have not risen to the level of their theme, and there is little for the casual visitor to take away with him. The orchestra is not happily placed, being situated above the stage.

Yet, when all is said, one is compelled to admit that nobody can afford to miss the sight. Imre Kiralfy has attempted an impossibility in trying to present on an adequate scale the history of one of the largest empires of the world, but his failure is a brilliant one. I have never seen effects as magnificent as those occasionally obtained, and any one of these flying pictures is worth a visit to the Empress Theatre. To have absolutely succeeded, Mr. Kiralfy would have needed an auditorium in proportion to the stage, and an orchestra in proportion to the auditorium; a company in which every super could enter into the spirit of the entertainment, a stage-manager fully capable of realising the author's conception. He has none of these things. The principals do not call for notice; they have no chance of distinguishing themselves.

After all, "India" is a small part of the Earl's Court Exhibition, and of the manifold attractions of the place visitors will not readily tire. Already the appearance of the grounds in the evening suggests that the directors are reaping the reward of their labours.—S. L. B.



THE TAKING OF THE FORT, AT THE INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Q's" "Adventures in Criticism" (Cassell), a selection from his papers to the *Speaker*, gives one a higher respect for literary journalism. The essays are brief, light, and meant to catch a hurried audience; but they are admirably written, the product of a fine judgment and of a peculiarly honest mind. I think his point of view sometimes a narrow one, but this narrowness, if it exists, comes from no want of generosity, rather from his rare independence and his personal fastidiousness. He strikes some too-little-sounded notes; he has a sense of humour, and he does not echo the clubs and the cliques and the other newspapers. He is very free from cant, and he is never better than when exhibiting the cheapness of catch-words and of generally received opinions. His chapter on "Externals" will surely make many a critic and literary conversationalist wholesomely uncomfortable, as he explodes their tests and tears up their labels—that of the present favourite, "Local Colour," for instance. As he says, "The Story of Ruth is as intelligible to an Englishman as though Ruth had gleaned in the stubble behind Tess Durbeyfield. Levine toiling with the mowers, Achilles sulking in his tent, Iphigenia at the altar, Gil Blas before the Archbishop of Granada, have as close a claim on our sympathy as if they lived but a few doors from us." The parody of Richard Jefferies, too, and his "wild apple-trees are not uncommon in the hedges" style, if severe, is wholesome, and a justifiable protest against the pseudo-open-air effects of the "club-novelist."

Romance and farce are blended in an amusing and quite inoffensive way in Mr. Robert Chambers's "A King and a Few Dukes" (Putnam's). I have read, and sometimes admired, his stories of the Latin Quarter in "The King in Yellow." But here he works fresh soil, with excellent results. Others have been before him, for the revolution in a Balkan State is the occasion of his tale, and such revolutions have been a godsend to novelists, from Daudet onwards. But the farcical humour in which he writes is original, and fits the case exactly. Steen, the hero, an American, who has had no military experience, undertakes to lead an army to restore the expelled king to his throne. His courage is better than his tactics; but, indeed, he would hardly have had a chance had he been a Solomon of warfare, for he had fallen in love with a little waiting-maid and been confidential to her; and she is no other than the sister of the present king, who has chased out Steen's protégé, is devoted to her brother's interests, and the cleverest woman in Europe besides. She contrives to make his invasion very ridiculous, for his good. When he is a prisoner, and the invasion squashed—to the immense relief of the ex-King Theobald, who was a blacksmith by preference—he magnanimously overlooks her laughing at him, and retires willingly into private life as the husband of the Princess Sylvia.

One's first feeling on seeing Mark Twain's name on the title-page of a book about Joan of Arc is not exactly pleasant. He has now and again treated a poetical legend and a cherished sentiment with a facetiousness which revolted sensitive minds, and here might be another case of the same disagreeable thing. This want of confidence in his taste is not unjust; he has earned it. But he quickly reassures us. His duty has been to write a preface to a very free translation of the *Sieur Louis de Conte's Personal Recollections of the Maid*, the English edition of which is just issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. I am not sure that Mark Twain is an ideal editor for such a book, but I am certain that his enthusiasm for Joan is very sincere, and that he writes as if this pilgrimage to her shrine were one of the most enjoyable events of his life. His expression of wonder at her character is a vigorous eulogy—

She was truthful when lying was the common speech of men; she was honest when honesty was become a lost virtue; she was a keeper of promises when the keeping of a promise was expected of no one. . . . She was modest and fine and delicate when to be loud and coarse might be said to be universal. . . . She was, perhaps, the only entirely unselfish person whose name has a place in profane history.

The translator has given a very readable version of the story, and Mr. Du Mond's pictures are pretty if they are not very strong.

I have before me a little volume of verse called "Orchids," by Mr. Theodore Wratishaw, published by Mr. Smithers. I have seen some things of this young writer before, and had thought they reached such heights or depths that there was no further to go in the same direction. This was a mistake. The little book rouses real sympathy for the writer. There can be no doubt but that he regards himself and his work as gloriously wicked, diabolically interesting. He tells us how his eyes

long for stranger sweets than prank  
Wild meadow-blooms, and what the garden shows;  
and how he hopes to make poems that shall form  
A temple of coloured sorrows and perfumed sins;  
and how he is of much too uncommon a mould to

love the primrose or regret  
The death of any shrinking violet,  
Nor even the cultured garden's banal yield.

But one cannot be shocked by anything in his ill-made, jolting verses, which seem to stretch on tiptoe after wickedness and never reach it. To do violence to intelligence and good taste is a boyish imitation which will take no one in. To a literary or imaginative reader they must seem only silly; to one hungering for the strong meat of wickedness they must be very dull. Mr. Wratishaw is deserving of pity therefore. But perhaps the worst of his case is that he is not even very fashionable. o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

At last the long-expected has happened. A murder has been committed for a collection of stamps. A young Frenchman who supported himself honourably as a philatelist has been done to death for a collection—not, apparently, by a rival collector, but by one of those vagabonds to whom no plunder comes amiss. Now, let us hope, the stamp-collectors will be happy. Their hobby has been consecrated by the blood of a martyr.

It was not in the battle he  
Was called to end his days;  
A martyr of philately,  
He perished for a craze.  
Oh, plant no flowers above his tomb,  
And light no funeral lamp;  
But from his ashes there shall bloom  
A blue Mauritius stamp.

The revival of the stamp mania in our days is remarkable. In the youth of the present generation it was confined to the more thoughtful and refined of school-boys. These were constantly begging friends and relations for all foreign or unusual stamps that came to them, for any old envelopes that might bear remarkable issues; even after they had stocked their own albums they remained insatiable, for they could exchange surplus stamps for some they did not possess. A boy having relations in Brazil or Turkey was courted with an assiduity that would have been flattering had not the object of it been so plain. "Have a chunk of my cake?" was the opening of the gambit; but in a few moves came the query, "I say, you've got an uncle somewhere out in India, haven't you? Could you get me a four-anna red (or whatever other denomination and colour it might be)?"

When a boy left school, he usually put away his boyish things; his album he gave to a chum, or, more wisely, sold; and the collections grew from generation to generation, now and then enriched by a Mulready envelope, or a Pony Express, or a surcharged Nova Scotia, or something of unusual rarity. But now it would seem that the elders have reverted to their old hobby, and stamp-collecting is avowed and practised by many who ought to know better. Nay, it would seem that there is in Paris a regular Stamp Exchange, which suggests memories of Sardou.

It was in his *Famille Benoiton* (I fancy) that the money-making fever had seized even the school-boy, who gambled in stamps as his father did in stocks, and profited by "tips" from that financier, but came home ruined because, having incautiously sold a "bull" in Guatemalas, a Central American half-caste had been let out of school early and had swamped the market. And, really, one does not see why stamps should not do instead of shares. The intrinsic value of the two classes of securities is often the same. As a matter of fact, Central American stamps are often worth more money than Central American bonds. The governing gangs of some of these precious States are said to have discovered this; when they want money they issue a new stamp in limited quantities, and dispose of the issue to collectors and dealers. But this trick can easily be overdone—and is. If persevered in, it will tend to kill the stamp mania. Meanwhile, let those who have rare stamps sell them; this boom will pass, as others have.

The coincidence of the two all-night sittings—in the House of Commons and the Great Wheel—has been sufficiently dealt with in comic and other papers. Perhaps the most pathetic incident was the complaint of the eminent politician who pleaded for adjournment on the ground that there was not even a poached egg in the House. The subtle sorrow, the pervading yet hardly perceptible flavour of Radicalism involved in that heartfelt wail, cannot be expounded in mere words. Even as Aladdin was moved by evil counsel to ask for the roc's egg to complete his palace, so did Mr. Broadhurst feel that life was no longer worth living if his poached egg failed him. Somehow, the craving for a boiled or fried egg would seem far less heart-rending.

A suggestion that has probably been made already is that the two dilatory institutions—the Wheel and the House—should be combined; that our M.P.'s should debate and rage furiously together in the Great Wheel, and that it should be understood that the machinery would not work till the business was concluded. The locality of the debate would enable members to take wide views of most questions; the tone of the speeches would be elevated, but cool. And the legislator's excuse for late arrival at his domestic hearth would be more valid and convincing than it is now.

The M.P. entered at his gate  
When morn was grey and pearly.  
"My dear, the House was sitting late—"   
Said she, "You're lying early." MARMITON.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS

I hear that the Duke of York's new Humber is to be fitted with a Simpson lever-chain and geared to 84.

I hear that Mr. C. B. Lawes is going to ride a "Columbia" in his coming return match with Lord Queensberry.

I determined to form my own opinion of the merits or demerits of the famous Simpson chain, and to ask it a very big question; so I borrowed a machine fitted with the invention, and geared to 84, for my Whitsuntide holiday. After riding it four days, among all sorts of roads, over the Malvern Hills and down the Wye, I can only say that I never crossed so pleasant, fast, and easy a mount. No hill came amiss to it; the work seemed to me very little more than on the 60-gear ordinary-chain machine I usually ride, while the pace, when you required it, was, of course, extraordinary.

The experience of riding for four days with Mr. Simpson's invention has convinced me that there is "something in it," and I should roughly estimate the "something" by saying that it is as easy and pleasant to ride an 84 gear with the chain as a 68 or 70 without it.

The speed of 22½ miles an hour, which was attained by Linton in the bicycle race from Bordeaux to Paris, is believed to break the record for so great a distance.

A "ball-bearing bicycling-boot" (what excellent alliteration) is the latest "creation" of a Chicago firm of bootmakers. It is said to be "a novel footgear that gives great delight," and the makers declare the boot to be superior in fit, material, workmanship, and wearing qualities to any other sort of cycling boot or shoe. Somehow it does not sound comfortable.

Advance America! A well-known cycle company in the States now advertises a self-lubricating bicycle that needs oiling by hand only once in every 33,000 miles. Nobody can grumble at that. Think of it, ye ultra-careful riders who alight twice a-day in order to fill your gear-cases with oil and ruin your ball-bearings with some glutinous home-made mixture. Bear always in mind that too much grease clogs the mechanism, that an ordinary bicycle needs lubricating only once in every 100 or 120 miles, and that even then it requires but a few drops of oil—pure neat's-foot oil, for preference.

The army of cycle-thieves is increasing. Only lately, a bicycle left outside a house in Thurloe Square was stolen, three bicycles were removed from houses in South Kensington, one was taken out of a cart in the City, four were "called for" while their owners were absent, and several more were ridden away before their owners' eyes. In a back street in London an attempt was made to throw a lady off her machine, but the sight of two masculine wheels bearing down upon the assailants caused the latter to vanish in different directions. Persons fond of organising cycling-parties to make nocturnal tours round the City should remember this, and never on any account ought one of these nightly pneumatic revellers to separate himself from his party in order to make an excursion down a side-street "on his own," as over-confident riders are fond of doing. As for leaving bicycles unprotected in the street, on such occasions a common steel chain and padlock may prove more useful than the famous Simpson lever.

Wheeling warns the public to deal carefully with advertisers offering for sale, at absurdly low prices, first-class cycles built by well-known makers. It alleges that many such advertisements are merely traps for the unwary.

Never buy any but the best machine. This should be an axiom among intending purchasers. Only lately has the truth of this advice really dawned upon me. During the past fortnight I have inspected no less than sixteen "cheap and nasty" cycles belonging to persons who, one and all, plumed themselves upon having made "wonderful bargains." Not one of these bicycles was a second-hand machine. And besides being comparatively new, they had all been well cared for. Yet this one had a stiff pedal, that one a screw that needed renewing, the other required a new chain, the brake of the fourth would not work, the valve of the fifth leaked, the left handle of the sixth had

come off, and so on. Similar defects showed themselves day after day, the owners told me. Therefore, depend upon it, a bad wheel is like a bad wife—a perfect curse.

Several cases have occurred recently of over-officious policemen throwing cyclists from their machines in order to take the name and address of riders whom they wish to report for alleged furious riding. It is my opinion that this is strictly illegal as well as dangerous. The gentleman in blue, of course, excuses himself on the plea that it is the only means of identifying the rider. But surely our lives are not to be at the mercy of these guardians of the peace. It would be just as reasonable to trip up a horse which was deemed to be driven furiously. Here comes in my argument for the licensing and registration of cycles.

"How intensely happy I feel!" a young lady said to me the other day, having just come in from a long spin on her bicycle. "What has befallen you?" I asked; "have Mother Goose's golden eggs suddenly fallen in your path?" "Oh dear, no," she exclaimed; "but after I have rushed through the air on my iron steed I feel such exhilaration, and so light-hearted, just as if I hadn't a single trouble in the world, and, somehow, I always have that happy feeling when I have ridden for either a short or long time." This corroborates what I mentioned in a previous article, namely, how beneficial cycling exercise is for all nervous ailments, depression, and all "maladies imaginaires."

Mrs. de la Vigne, formerly head of the North London Division of the Lady Cyclists' Association, and so well known in the musical world, echoes what my friend confesses, that it has such a beneficial effect on her spirits, as well as her health, and makes her feel so cheerful that, having for years suffered from insomnia, she could sleep quite soundly after cycling for a fortnight.

Paper-chases on wheels seem to be "all the go" just now in Cheshire, and after a hard day's "run" all the members of the "chase" meet at different houses on their homeward way for tea. This is very amusing, but rather warm work, and not altogether becoming to a great many lady riders, who do not appear at their best after a long day on wheels in the burning sun.

There is another thing that I must warn my fair readers about, namely, to beware of giving way to a distressed and fixed expression (which it is so easy to retain) when learning to ride a bicycle. I heard the other day that an exceedingly pretty woman had lost most of her good looks after riding a cycle for some time, because she had attained the habit of making so many grimaces while undergoing the agonies of learning that she gave way to it at all times, to the detriment of her beauty and the astonishment of her friends.

Having received an invitation to a "cycling-tea," and never having been to one before, I went with some excitement. Arriving at the entrance of the house, it was difficult to pass through the porch, which was blocked with wheels. We were a merry party, and during tea my host's new "Bantam" was brought into the room and wheeled round among us for general inspection. It was a pretty little mount, and wonderfully light; but when, afterwards, he rode a race with one of the guests mounted on an ordinary safety, I must say I should rather have had the latter, as I think the "Bantam" looked difficult to mount, and, the seat being so much over the front wheel, it must require great skill to manage and ride gracefully. I certainly thought my host was very clever in the way he manipulated his machine.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales have visited Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's Exhibition of Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Embroideries at present on view at their Galleries in Wigmore Street.

A new express service to Bâle has been begun from the Hook of Holland. Leaving London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m., and the chief Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon, passengers travelling *via* Cologne, Coblenz, Bingerbrück, and Strasburg will reach Bâle at 8.20 the following evening. In connection with this service, a through corridor-carriage with buffet will run between the Hook of Holland and Bâle.



TOM LINTON.

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The County Championship seems likely to once more resolve itself into a triangular duel between Surrey, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, with Middlesex the most dangerous opponents. Although, obviously, I ought to feel proud of Surrey's continued eminence, I cannot say that I am altogether delighted at the prospect of their once again securing the title. Heaven forbid that I should be set down as an anti-Surreyite, a class which is growing and fattening on its own bias. It is the monotony to which I object—or rather, which I regret—the monotony of the same counties year after year showing such clear superiority over all the other competitors in the race.

Many seasons ago there were certain people, numbered among whom were the captains of one or two of the counties—the counties which have never finished first—who affected to despise any thought of championship. They would have us believe that it was the newspapers which suggested the tournament, whereas they themselves played each match on its own merits without regard to "points." I think I am right in saying that that feeling has now worn off. The championship is a real, live thing. Without it we should have little of the healthy excitement among the people who now flock to the various matches in their thousands. That is why I take exception to the constancy with which certain counties find their way to the head of the final tables. I am in constant fear lest this intense interest should wane, or, worse still, that the unsuccessful counties will themselves suffer from a fit of depression.

However, I have hopes. Cricket is a wonderful game for bringing out the finer points of human nature. Who ever knew a cricketer to own himself beaten before the end? The proverbial uncertainty of the game is a continual ray of hope. Who shall say that Middlesex or Somerset or Derbyshire, or even Kent, will not flourish in the near future? I admit that present appearances do not suggest the contingency; but, then, not even an Elijah would care to prophesy on cricket matters.

When is Dr. Grace going to stop? Just as we were all remarking on the strange fact of the Champion having failed to add his famous name to the long list of century-makers, out he came with such a century as put to shame any that had gone before. In short, Dr. Grace holds the record for the present season with an innings of 243 not out, the previous best having been Abel's 231.

The Doctor's mammoth innings was put up against Sussex bowling. Poor Sussex! For years and years their bowling has been made the peg on which famous batsmen hang their huge scores. It seems remarkable indeed that a county should go on like this, seemingly for generations, without making a forward move in a certain department. What Sussex require is a good fast bowler. No county can afford to take the field without one. Surrey have two or three fast bowlers. She is champion county. *Verb. sat sap.*

To-morrow will provide a fairly large day's cricket. The Australians, after their successful northern tour, come west, and will line up at Bristol against the old Gloucestershire club. I am afraid the now mis-called team of the Graces are in for a thrashing. The Australians have proved themselves at least equal to any county going, though we have yet to see what they do with Surrey. Gloucestershire is by no means so strong as they were last season, and though, of course, "W.G." is as likely as not to come out with one of his characteristic scores, we need look no further than the Australians for the winners.

At Lord's, Middlesex, after their brilliant performance against Somerset, whom they whacked in a single innings, are seemingly good enough for Notts, although the latter made a splendid fight against their old opponents Surrey. The Champions themselves will be at home to Derbyshire, who are scarcely likely to be the first to lower the Ovalites' colours, seeing how decisively they were beaten on their own ground. Lancashire ought to easily whip Leicestershire, but Cambridge may be depended upon to make a good fight of it with Yorkshire, who have not yet got over their terrible collapse before the Australians.

Then, on Monday next the Cornstalks play an England Eleven at Wembley Park. Oh, those England Elevens! They are the bane of our existence. On the same day the M.C.C. and Ground will give Kent a trial. The "Hoppers" may be trusted to improve as the season goes on. Warwickshire, at home, may haply be good enough for Gloucestershire; Lancashire will find Derbyshire a hard nut to crack at Derby; Hampshire and Sussex will furnish the usual close fight, and Notts v. Cambridge will be interesting. The feature of the day's cricket, however, will be the first meeting of Surrey and Yorkshire on that terrible ground, Sheffield. This, indeed, will be a battle-royal, but I fancy the side which wins the toss.

## GOLF.

Mr. F. G. Tait, the new amateur golf champion, in succession to Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, will be recognised as a useful cricketer on behalf of the Grange Cricket Club, in Scotland. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, and for the Old Boys of that school he has also done duty as a scrummager.

There have been many Tait's seen to advantage on the football field, the best-known of them probably being J. G., who got his Blue at

Cambridge, as well as his Scottish International cap. Mr. F. G. Tait is a lieutenant in the Black Watch, and is twenty-five years of age. His father is the well-known Professor Tait of Edinburgh University.

## FOOTBALL.

It is with regret that I announce the death of J. Logan, until last year one of our most famous Association footballers. Logan will be remembered as having won the English Cup for Notts County against the Bolton Wanderers some years ago, when he kicked all the three goals scored by his side. He died of pneumonia, brought on, I am afraid, by carelessness—a trait common enough in footballers.

Those two splendid players Adrian and Arthur Capes have left the Burton Wanderers for Notts Forest. Their transfer cost well over £300. When will this wretched system of barter cease?

On June 20 the English team of Rugby footballers journey to South Africa, which seems to be getting its fair share of tours. J. F. Byrne, the famous International, will be the full-back, while there will be six Irishmen in the team—S. Lee and L. Bulger at three-quarters, and A. D. Clinch, R. Johnston, J. Sealey, and T. Croan. The side is, of course, not thoroughly representative of the United Kingdom—no Welshman can go—but it will, doubtless, be strong enough for the purpose.

## FENCING.

I am informed that an entry of about a hundred and fifty swordsmen has been obtained for the forthcoming International Fencing Tournament to be held in Paris. Mr. Gaston Castle, the famous Liverpoolian, has been invited to officiate as one of the judges. OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There has been a great deal of harsh criticism heard of late about the state of the course at Ascot. As a matter of fact, the going on the race-track is better than it has been for three or four years past. Owners know that it is not the best turf in the world to gallop horses over in any weather, and if they have any doubt about the soundness of their animals' legs, they should leave them at home. We seldom or never, by-the-bye, hear of the handicap horses missing their engagements at Ascot—that is, if they have been backed by their owners. The fields for the Royal Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes show that in good betting races owners will start their horses and chance the state of the going.

Brighton will be very full of sportsmen next week, as Lewes, Brighton, and Lingfield races are held. It is gratifying to hear of big improvements on the Brighton course, and it is to be hoped the authorities have remedied the track, as we do not want any more jockeys killed. G. Brown's fatal fall might have been purely an accident, but many persons who witnessed it blame the formation of the course for the catastrophe, and it will be remembered Woodburn broke his leg at the same spot two or three years previously. The fearless jockeys will try to hug the rails, as it gives them an advantage; for that reason the rails should be perfectly straight.

The Auteuil Meeting will this year attract a large crowd of English sportsmen, and the racing will be good. In the matter of steeplechasing over this particular course the Continental horses generally hold their own; but the Irish owner Mr. H. M. Dyas hopes to win the steeplechase this year with Gentle Ida, who has been in active training for the event for some time. If the big hurdle-race comes to this country, it will be by the aid of Count Schomberg, who cost M. R. Lebaudy 3000 guineas. Arthur Nightingale has been retained to ride, and it is said the Count is very fit, while he is a perfectly safe conveyance. As I have before written, it is a pity we could not start summer steeplechasing in England, after the plan adopted at Auteuil. Our poor cross-country jockeys would welcome the innovation.

It is rather remarkable that the August Bank Holiday Meeting should be given to Hurst Park, seeing that the Whit-Monday fixture was granted to the Molesey enclosure. Why is not Lingfield, Gatwick, or Alexandra Park given a turn? True, the London and Brighton Railway Company have enough passenger traffic to work on a Bank Holiday, without having a race-meeting held on their system; but the same might be said of the South-Western Company. In the case of Alexandra Park, however, the Great Northern Railway could carry the people with ease; and if the meeting were held without clashing, it would be a huge success. Truly the Hurst Park shareholders are lucky in getting the cream of the fixtures this year.

The majority of our trainers have been grumbling for a long time about the hard ground, and very few of those preparing horses at Newmarket care for the tan tracks. We see by the Hurst Park course what irrigation will do, and I think it would be a capital idea, in times of drought, to take horses to Hurst Park and gallop them on the track. Of course, the owners of the enclosure might object, though I do not think much harm would be done to the course—that is, if the watering

were carried on every night. It would be a boon to the Newmarket trainers having horses to wind up for meetings like Epsom and Ascot.

Competition is good for trade, and I now hear of cutting rates in the racecourse business. There have, I believe, been certain fixed charges for the framing of handicaps, clerking, &c., but a new school has sprung up, and men are forthcoming with offers to work at several points under price. Of course, this has raised the ire of some of the old stagers, but, if the quality of the work done by the forward division is up to the old standard, I can see no objection to the revolution, and it is pretty evident that racecourse owners will go to the cheapest market, provided the quality is to be obtained.



THE MANCHESTER CUP.

Selling races are becoming so many large plunging mediums, and I quite think the time has arrived when the French plan should be adopted in this country, whereby any horse could be claimed before the start. Under existing conditions, the little owner with a horse worth, say, a hundred pounds has no chance, as he tumbles up against animals in selling races that are bought in for five hundred guineas after they have won. Of course, the officials enjoy the fun, as half the surplus goes to replenish the coffers of the meeting, while it often happens that the second horse is worth almost as much as the winner, but a friendly claim keeps him for his owner.

The Manchester Cup was won on Friday by The Docker. The trophy is of unique interest, as being one of the largest

silver cups ever manufactured, its weight being 598 oz. It is a magnificent specimen of the silversmith's art, and reflects great credit on the makers, Messrs. Elkington.

## SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

### X.—IN A HOSPITAL.

Yus! I lost my licence along of you—  
Along of a bloomin' peeler!—  
It 'ud be jest as much as you could do  
To 'andle a tame four-wheeler.  
But I'd like to get you up on the seat  
Of a hextry springy 'ansom;  
Lord! to see you careerin' dahn the street  
Would be worth a hemp'ror's ransom!  
Ho, yus! Blimy, yus!  
If I could put you up upon an 'ansom,  
You'd learn to 'old yer jawr,  
And, as I've said before,  
To see you would be worth a hemp'ror's ransom.

It's orl right for you with yer "plates of meat"  
On "directin' traffic" duty,  
A-'clpin' old lydies acrost the street,  
And collarin' tips, you beauty!  
But why did you want for to interfere  
With my keb? You'd better chuck it,  
For that's why you're lyin' in 'orspital 'ere,  
And per'aps you'll kick the bucket.

They wouldn't 'ave made such a beastly fuss—  
They wouldn't, or else I'm balmy—  
If I'd run over an 'Ammer-Smith 'bus,  
Or the 'ole Salvytion Army.  
Orl along o' your meddlin' I get stuck—  
I'll allow you came a cropper—  
But ain't it exactly jest like my luck  
To upset a bloomin' copper?

Ho, yus! Blimy, yus!  
And now I think I've given yer fair warnin';  
And though it do seem 'ard  
To stand idle in the yard—  
I don't bear no malice, cully, so good mornin'!  
GILBERT BURGESS.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It seems strange that the author of a farce which certainly caused a good deal of laughter should in his work prove himself woefully devoid of a sense of humour. Yet the weak spot in "Josiah's Dream" is that Mr. Charles Rogers has seen the fun to be got out of his subject—or some of it—but failed to grasp the humour. The word "fun," perhaps, is undignified; yet it is useful in relation to "humour." When reversing the present order of the sexes and putting men into women's clothes, and treating them as the fair sex and objects of courtship, Mr. Rogers makes guys of the men and causes them to behave like silly old women, he gets some simple fun out of the matter, but misses the humour. To have "gowned" the men superbly, and allowed them to adopt, without caricature, the airs and graces of women would have led to the humorous. There was some meritorious acting in "Josiah's Dream." Mr. Sidney Harcourt is a clever comedian, though too slavish in imitation of Mr. Penley; Mr. George Raيموند was very funny as the deaf old uncle—what a pity he does not get a good part in some successful play! Miss Ada Branson looks charming, and shows a very pretty talent for acting.

I heard several people say that they could not understand "His Relations"—were unable to grasp the plot. In saying so, they were unjust, I think, to Mr. H. A. Saintsbury; on the other hand, it was excusable on such a hot afternoon to decline to take the trouble to understand such a complicated piece. There was a flavour of the "If Tom's son were Jane's brother," &c., of the old catch, and, unfortunately, nothing very interesting came of it. The hero was not taking enough to cause me to care a rap whether he had as many relatives as Solomon's son or as few as Adam. The truth is that the author has got hold of a barren theme, and, though he showed some ingenuity in handling it, and a little liveliness in a rather too laboured dialogue, the result is unsatisfactory. Perhaps, if the central figure had been drawn as a strong character-part and played by a clever low comedian, the play would have been fairly entertaining. The acting was quite good enough, particularly in the case of the ladies—quite a bevy of beauties. Miss Audrey Ford is very piquant, and has a charming turn of humour, and Miss Ada Chesney should become a comic actress of value. Miss Marianne Caldwell has always done good work, and Miss Florence Fordyce deserved a better chance.—MONOCLE.

## THE ROYAL OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday week a very spirited and charming performance of "Fra Diavolo" was given at Covent Garden, with Miss Marie Engle as Zerlina, Miss Pauline Joran as Lady Pamela, Mr. Bispham as Lord Roeburg, Signor de Lucia as Fra Diavolo, Signor Pini-Corsi as Beppo, and Signor Arimondi as Giacomo. It must be remembered in connection with this opera that it was composed more than sixty years ago, and that it is therefore singularly high praise to say that it still retains a very great part of the charm which rightly persuaded our grandfathers to reckon it as Auber's masterpiece. Miss Engle was a charming Zerlina, singing with perfect intonation and accuracy, and acting with much elegance of manner. All the other singers were excellent.

On Friday week Signor Mancinelli conducted a remarkably adequate and sincere performance of "Lohengrin" in German. It is sufficient to say of M. Jean de Reszke's interpretation of the title-role that he sang superbly, and acted with great dignity and self-possession; in his silver armour of the first act he showed a most majestic presence. M. Edouard de Reszke's Henry the Fowler was grandiose in just the right sense, and his voice was as impressive as it has ever been. Madame Albani's Elsa, pitted against so fine a Lohengrin, no longer resembled a whirlwind, and Mr. Bispham showed himself the perfect artist he always is in his Telramund. Signor Mancinelli's orchestra again played with fine discretion and skill. On Monday week M. Jean de Reszke took the part of Faust to his brother's Mefistofele, and it will suffice to observe that he once more proved himself to be the greatest living singer of love-music in the world; and, with such love-music as Gounod's, it may be imagined that here was something indeed worth the hearing. M. Edouard de Reszke's Mefistofele was devilish enough, in all conscience, and was most nobly sung. Miss Macintyre was, for the most part, a charming Marguerite.

On Wednesday night, with "Tannhäuser," came the triumph of the season—a triumph over which everybody concerned in the management of Covent Garden deserves cordial praise and congratulation. Here at last the English Opera presented us with an interpretation of Wagner that might rank with the best performances of those houses where Wagner is made almost a special study, and where year in and year out greater efforts are being constantly made to render the interpretations more and more perfect. At Covent Garden the scenery was most judiciously arranged, that of the second act in particular, modelled from the Bayreuth Hall of Song, showing a most beautiful and impressive picture. M. Alvarez took the part of Tannhäuser as no other singer perhaps can take it: his voice was in splendid condition, and his acting full of sincere passion and a deep sense of tragedy. Madame Eames sang the part of Elizabeth divinely; Signor Ancona was a good Wolfram, and M. Plançon a majestic and dignified King, both in voice and in action. Madame Adini has much improved in the part of Venus, and the most serviceable Madame Bauermeister sang the shepherd-boy's song of the first act very charmingly. Sufficient praise, to conclude, can hardly be given to Signor Mancinelli and his orchestra.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS OF THE FLYING HOUR.

The tea-time topic of this week has been, beyond all others, the Russian Coronation. So many people have a fortunate aunt or brother or thirty-first cousin of sorts whose lines have led, obliquely or directly, to the Kremlin that fresh details of the festivities and ceremonial awaited one at every house. All unite in ecstatic comments on the young Empress's appearance, who must, indeed, have made a picture in the

simple white silk gown which formed the basis of subsequent Coronation splendours, her long, beautiful hair falling in wavy masses over neck and bosom, while simply coiled at the back. The Dowager Empress also wore her splendid hair hanging in long, dark curls. "Several times, I assure you," writes one vivacious friend, "we were all on the verge of tears, so solemn and awe-inspiring was that great Cathedral scene; and when the Emperor was receiving his mother's kisses and congratulations I really had to look the other way." The English—or is it Irish?—Ambassador's wife, Lady O'Connor, looked very graceful and handsome in her rich dress of lace and brocade, and another notably attractive figure among the Ambassador's dresses was the *chic* and extremely pretty Countess de Montebello, in the wonderful Mandarin costume designed for her by Doucet.

Talking of this potential man-milliner recalls a dress of his creation which I met and worshipped at a tea-party two days ago. It was of deep-blue

taminy, the skirt, profusely bell-shaped, having two godets at the side and five at back. Each side had a pointed pleat at the waist. The bodice, blouse-shaped, was made of *lainage*, open in front and gathered behind. Its novelty and style consisted in being cut high in the centre of back and slightly *décolletée* round the neck, opening over a waistcoat of pale-green silk embroidered in blue and gold. A chemisette of pearl-coloured lace appeared in front. The basques, round in front and slightly scalloped, were open behind, sleeves somewhat tight at shoulder and elaborately embroidered in the same colours as those employed on waistcoat. The whole thing was bewitching, worn with a Panama hat, very drooped in the brim, trimmed profusely in the correct Early Victorian manner, with clusters of cherries and pale-green ribbon edged with narrow black velvet.

These drooping brims are, by the way, a last cry of fashion, and the smartest women now figure forth hidden to the eyes in flopping wide-leaved millinery. At Elise Kreutzer's very up-to-date salons in Holles Street, where one sees a practically endless variety of the genus hat, these shady brims take precedence of all others as being the pioneers of an advancing fashion. One, which wholly deserves its claim to prettiness, is shown in the accompanying illustration. Upstanding loops of violet ribbon velvet are arranged round the crown of mauve straw, and a garniture of pink-and-white rose-buds with foliage nestles daintily at one side. The dress shown with this hat is dove-grey alpaca, rather coarse in texture. Its skirt is plain, except the front width, which, arranged apron fashion, is detached from the skirt, and bordered with a narrow edging of steel. The bodice, smart yet simple, is gathered front and back blouse-fashion, tiny cut-steel beads powdering the front and sleeves. Side-pieces of white silk, under ivory guipure, surround the sleeves, which are made in an original fashion, with tiny tucks from shoulder to elbow. A very pale-green satin evening-dress deserved every adjective in the dictionary that might adequately express its beauty; the skirt plain, sleeves, as we are reluctantly learning to accept them, very small, with draperies

of green chiffon and fine ivory lace embroidered with pearls, steel sequins, and paste. These materials, repeated on the bodice, were further enhanced by a folded belt and a strap of white satin, on which three paste stars twinkled brightly. Another of Kreutzer's masterpieces I could not resist having sketched, it being, I think you will admit, a quite ideal theatre-gown, now that we are reverting to the hygienic habit of high necks and long sleeves for evening wear, though why this return to ancient customs should have taken place in summer rather than winter only that inconsequent and elusive personage Dame Fashion could tell. Anyhow, the fashion is a fact, and people with such physical disabilities as weak chests and bony arms may now cover themselves and rejoice. Returning to the theatre-dress, which is again of lettuce-green satin, the bodice had a particular and special charm in the manner of its yellow lace draperies over white satin. A yoke of tiny steel sequins seemed to keep these loosely hanging folds of lace in place, and a belt of the same glittering baubles showed becomingly at the waist. The sleeves—a poem—were made of broad green velvet straps over white satin, yellow lace showing between each fold. Repeated in any colour—rose, blue, or yellow—this dress would be no less fascinating. One of Kreutzer's day-gowns, canvas over shot silk, had a clever arrangement of skirt, by which the back of the skirt flowed out in charming lines. A series of narrow tucks, about six inches from the waist, were repeated in three divisions, forming ample godets.

A striped, rose-coloured brocade was made up into a smart bodice, somewhat after the Louis XVI. style. The black satin folded belt, divided back and front, and fastened with paste buttons, gave a slim appearance most becoming to tall figures. A tiny basque of ivory guipure, pleated over plain rose silk, finished it at the waist. White net under old lace formed the vest. It would be difficult to overpraise the *chic* of Kreutzer's arrangements. She is an artist in her sense of suitability and the eternal fitness of form and colour to certain contours and complexions—a sort of female Worth, who critically sums you up with the benevolent intention of emphasising your best points and suppressing those that are doubtful.

Painted satins are coming in again. At a dinner-party some evenings since I met a lovely frock, with hand-painted wreaths of violets going round the skirt in three festooned rows, somewhat after the efflorescent model shown us by Lady Monckton in "The Rogue's Comedy." It is a pretty fashion and a costly, which would equally recommend it to some imaginations. Another mode that has begun to mark this somewhat dull season is that of giving dinner-parties at hotels instead of



[Copyright.]

SKETCHED AT KREUTZER'S.



[Copyright.]

A THEATRE-FROCK BY ELISE KREUTZER.

at home. No less than four acquaintances of mine, all with establishments of sufficient import, too, have dispensed hospitalities at various smart hotels within the last ten days. It is a departure that, doubtless, saves trouble, and, as everything tends to minimising that undesired quantity nowadays, I have no doubt the notion will grow. With such hotels as the Cecil, the Grand, the Albemarle, not forgetting our incomparable Benoist's new feeding-place in Piccadilly; there are ever-growing temptations to both dine ourselves and receive one's friends

away from the prosaic fireside of custom, all the more in these matter-of-fact days as it comes out at about the same cost—rather less, if anything. I went into the matter of an hotel dinner-party of twelve with one practical matron, and we found, with flowers, fruit, extra help, and other things variously, that, even including Pommery of the right vintage, the hotel dinner cost somewhat less than another given five days later *chez-elle*. A little cape of yellow chiffon under cream lace, which came on the shoulders of one pretty girl to this latter party, was the most charming thing of its sort I had seen this season. Marshal Niel roses nestled in billows of real lace at the neck, and a hood of the yellow chiffon was sprinkled with rose-leaves, each glittering with paste dew-drops. An extravagant dream of beauty, truly. But, after all, if a girl with a liberal income may not conscientiously make the best of her charms by wearing beautiful clothes, what is to be said? I steadily maintain that it is even a plain woman's

shamrock design in blue batiste appliqué with white silk. Two flounces garnished the end of skirt. The neck-band and folded vest of porcelain-blue chiné silk were further embellished by trimmings of black-and-white striped silk. Pointed ivory guipure appeared at neck and waist, while a band of the same ran up the wrinkled sleeves, dividing two small butterfly-shaped poufs at the top. An occasional visit to 11, Doyer Street, affords one a liberal education in clothes, those fine feathers which turn veritable jackdaws among some of us into an amazing semblance of the gorgeous peacock.

SYBIL.

### DRESS AT THE PLAY.

"Josiah's Dream" told us many strange things; among others, that the men, or rather, the "mannikins," of the future will wear nothing more nor less than the Bloomers, accompanied by shapeless jacket-bodices, bordered with a frivolous frill of lace, while their shaven heads will be crowned by absurd little bonnets or hats bedecked with flowers!

As to the ruling woman, we will—if Josiah's dream ever comes true—wear tight-fitting knee-breeches, and smartly cut coats, displaying double-breasted waistcoats and immaculate shirt-fronts, and if we all manage to look as handsome and dashing as does Miss Branson we shall not have much to grumble about.

In fact, these glorified masculine garments become her even better than her original attire—a striking dress of shot-green and rose-red glacé, the bodice arranged with bretelles of red velvet and softening touches of black lisse appliqué with yellowish lace, while her green velvet toque is adorned with black quills and yellow roses.

But though we have taken the leap into A.D. 2001, and are shown fair damsels attired in most correct football costume, or smart smoking-suits, alighting from winged flying-machines, Josiah's imagination falls short of the cycling costume of the future, and he quails before the task of forecasting the eventual form and fashion of the garments which will clothe the twentieth-century wheelwoman.

Or is the omission, I wonder, a sign and token that the joys of cycling will have paled and finally vanished before the superior excitement of flying?

Miss Branson, by the way, in order to represent Josiah's wife, has given up the part of Donna Lucia with that wonderful old lady "Charley's Aunt," and Miss Mabel Lane has taken it up, together with two charming new gowns, one being of silvery-grey corded silk, with a bodice of the palest green moiré, arranged with a vest of white chiffon and bands of glittering jet embroidery. Her bonnet is of rose-pink straw, with a little frilling of black lace introduced into the fluted brim, and soft folds of black and green gauze—not tulle, please note—drawn round the crown, and, when combined with a touch of pink, forming a high bow at the back, where it is held in bondage by a diamond and pearl buckle.

Her evening-dress is a model of rich simplicity, made, as it is, of pale-blue satin, brocaded with trails of delicate pink and yellow roses, both bodice and skirt being guiltless of any trimming, and depending for their effect entirely upon the perfection of their cut and the beauty of the fabric. The sleeves consist of cloudy frills of rose-pink chiffon, and there are, moreover, narrow shoulder-straps of pink satin, fastened at the top with little diamond buckles; while the left one is finished on the corsage with a big, soft rosette. The colouring suits Miss Lane's dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty to perfection, and her splendid figure carries off the somewhat trying style of the dress in triumphant fashion. So, altogether, the new Donna Lucia is a most attractive personage.

And apropos of theatres, there were a goodly number of theatrical celebrities at Mrs. George Alexander's reception last week. Miss Evelyn Millard, radiant in white satin and beautiful old lace, arranged with shining bands of pearl and gold embroidery, chatted to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mrs. Tree, in a gown of shining silver tissue, veiled with silver-sewn gauze, held in at the waist by a pale-blue embroidered sash and further adorned with trails of palest pink dog-roses, was taken into supper by Mr. Anthony Hope. Mr. Wyndham was there, too—a centre of attraction; and Miss Julia Neilson, just returned from America, looked superbly handsome in a black gown with floating sleeves, scarves of filmy chiffon, and not a single ornament in her glorious hair or on her perfect neck.

Miss Winifred Emery had come on from the Lyceum in a gown of forget-me-not-blue brocade, made with almost severe simplicity, and relieved only by frilled sleeves of mellow-tinted lace; and Miss Hanbury had escaped from the castle at Zenda in a most becoming gown of white satin, the bodice combined with lace and bands of silver sequin embroidery.

Miss Eva Moore looked as girlishly sweet as ever in a Princess gown of pale-blue satin, flowered with pink and having frilled sleeves and a corsage-drapery of pale-pink accordion-pleated chiffon; and I caught a glimpse of Miss Cissie Loftus, wearing a black gown with filmy sleeves and shoulder-straps of shining jet.

Mrs. George Alexander looked charming in a white satin gown, the bodice swathed round the figure in a wonderful way and adorned with an appliqué of yellowish lace and a powdering of silver sequins. She wore a diamond tiara and necklace, and carried a shower-bouquet of exquisite pink roses, matching those which were arranged in scented profusion in the beautiful yellow drawing-room, the hall and staircase and the other rooms being decorated with white flowers, arranged in hanging baskets, or showered over a curtain-like background of smilax.

FLORENCE.



[Copyright.]

MISS MABEL LANE'S NEW GOWN IN "CHARLEY'S AUNT."

fault if she does not look pretty nowadays. Never were there so many aids to beauty. Never were dressmakers so clever, which reminds me that Kate Reily had a frock, just over from Paris, when I called there some days ago, that would glorify any decent-looking brunette. It was an afternoon house-dress of cardinal red crêpe de Chine—a material that shows up rich colours better, I had almost said, than any other. The skirt, made on silk of its own shade, was plain. A zouave arrangement of white Irish crochet, with tiny kilting of red crêpe at its edge, nearly covered the upper part of bodice. A wide folded belt of red silk went round the waist, the vest being formed of fluffy kiltings of red silk and crêpe, strapped across with bows and lovely old buckles of paste and mauve enamel. The combination of red and white, with the manner in which both were mixed, was admirable.

An evening-dress in the last new material was shown me which combines in itself the allurements of satin and moiré and is yet unlike either. It is called, for euphony's sake, "miroir satin," and, as represented in a pale-pink dinner-gown by Kate Reily, was beyond words fascinating. The bodice had a drapery of silver tinsel, shading in places to mauve and soft green. A bunch of black satin poppies with diamond centres fastened it at one side, and small straps of paste-decked black satin supported the sleeves, made quite small, of this original creation. An amber satin, embroidered in a bold design of paste and cream guipure appliqué, was handsome, the bodice opening in front over a chemisette of white chiffon. White canvas for morning wear grows in favour with advancing summer days. A dainty little frock was made with crinkled sleeves and full vest of heliotrope chiné silk, bias strappings of the silk appearing on skirt and zouave jacket in effective conjunction with buttons of real amethyst. A pretty garden-party frock was made of silk grass-lawn. It had a

## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on June 9.*

## BUOYANT HOME RAILS.

The most striking feature in the Stock Exchange for some time past has been the overwhelming demand for Home Railway issues, and the past week has seen the advance going on faster than ever, prices leaping up by several points at a time, although the level of quotations appeared already very high. It is the cheapness of money that is, of course, the main factor in this movement, but there are several other influences at work.

In the first place, it is reported that the Great Western Company contemplates "splitting" its stock, and we may be sure that, if the example were once set, it would be followed by the Midland, although the conservative North-Western would probably hang back as it did in the smaller matter of the Forged Transfer fee. The importance of "splitting" these high-priced stocks into Preferred and Deferred Ordinary cannot be overrated, for people would then be able to obtain what they at present want so badly, something sound to buy for investment and something promising to purchase for speculation. At present the "Heavy" Home Railway stocks are too speculative for the investor, and too much of an investment for the speculator. If they were "split," the two component parts would go to much higher figures than are at present represented by the whole.

Another important assistance to the market has been the resumption of French buying. This is quite a new development in Home Railways, so far as recent experience is concerned; but some years ago Paris took a considerable interest in Coras and in Chathams, while even to this day the French have a large holding of Berthas and Dover "A." What appears to have impelled them to take up Home Railways again is the threatened tax on French Rentes. This has alarmed the "rentier," and he has been seeking fresh channels for investment. If the French become at all enthusiastic over the market, it will make a vast difference to its future, for our neighbours have a much less exacting basis of valuation for stocks than we have, as we found during the Kaffir boom of last year.

But, apart from these two influences which have been behind the rise in Home Rails, there has been the essential fact that the companies are doing excellent business, and are likely to continue prosperous for some time to come. Not only does trade continue good, but the weather is proving exceptionally favourable, both Easter and Whitsuntide beating even the experience of last year. Accordingly, the receipts are making an excellent exhibit, as may be seen from the following increases—

Great Eastern, £87,674; Great Northern, £94,982; Great Western, £263,020; Hull and Barnsley, £13,786; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £111,552; London, Brighton, and South Coast, £72,318; London, Chatham, and Dover, £38,041; London and North-Western, £270,931; London and South-Western, £101,275; London, Tilbury, and Southend, £3770; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, £56,145; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire (Cheshire Lines), £6219; Metropolitan, £12,552; Metropolitan District, £3081; Midland, £190,378; North-Eastern, £256,862; North Stafford, £15,469; South-Eastern, £55,439; Caledonian, £83,258; Glasgow and South-Western, £24,977; North British, £67,310.

These figures are for twenty-one weeks in the case of the English roads and seventeen in the case of the Scotch, so that the half-year is bound to finish well. Combined with this, there is the fact that the market is bare of stock, so that very little buying produces a big effect, and, accordingly, the advance since the beginning of the year has been startling. For instance, Great Westerns are up 22; Dover "A," 17; North-Easterns, 16; Brighton "A" and North-Westerns, 14; and Midlands, 10. Yet the rise does not seem to be over, although the "bull" account is very large, and in some cases even dangerous.

## REVIVING YANKEES.

There are symptoms at last of a revival in the American Market, and it would certainly be welcome; for that department, which used to be perhaps the most popular field for the speculator, has been of late an absolutely neglected market. For this neglect there were very excellent reasons, but we have long since known the worst, and the past is beginning to fade into oblivion. All that is now wanted is a little encouragement in regard to the future, for it is difficult for the American Market alone to hang back when every other section of the House is careering gaily ahead.

A slight impetus has already been given by the news that the legality of the Joint Traffic Association has been duly established in the American Courts, and that the various Presidents can now safely proceed to the restoration of rates. Another help is the growing belief that the approaching Convention will declare so emphatically for sound money that Mr. McKinley will, in accordance with his provisional promise, adopt the gold standard as a leading plank in his Presidential platform. If he did so, it would mean a rise of at least ten dollars in the more active Yankee shares, and it would carry with it an eager request for all kinds of Yankee bonds.

The American Market is really the only department remaining in which stocks can now be picked up at a comparatively low level, and it is only a question of a short time before it is taken in hand once more. The situation does not admit at present of careful valuation of securities to be bought. The public must buy something, and Yankees may as well have a turn as anything else, particularly as trade in the States is undoubtedly making steady progress once more towards prosperity.

## ARGENTINE RAILS.

Among the stocks which suffered most severely, and often undeservedly, from the effects of the speculative fever which led up to the Baring crisis, the securities of Argentine Railway Companies hold a prominent place.

The causes were not only numerous, but were also very diverse in character. Most prominent of all, perhaps, was the inability of financial houses to continue the financing of speculative contractors; but the stocks which were intrinsically good have also been kept back in the market by a combination of adverse causes. There was, to begin with, a paralysis of Argentine trade as the result of the abrupt stoppage of the flow of European capital into the country. Imports had to be curtailed, because there was no foreign capital forthcoming wherewith to pay for them. It is ancient history that the Central Government took advantage of its embarrassments to evade its guarantee obligations, and, of course, the Provincial Governments were only too glad to follow such a convenient example. Hence there were continual bickerings about guarantees in arrears, rearrangements had to be made, and the very mention that an investment was connected with Argentina came to be considered as quite sufficient to warn off the British investor.

If any Argentine stock chanced to be shown on its merits to be underpriced, there was sure to be some trust company loaded up to the muzzle with that particular stock, and only too anxious to supply any buyers in order to clear its feet from other entanglements. And so the game went on.

But now we have to deal with a much more satisfactory state of affairs. The plethora of money awaiting investment has overflowed from the superfine investments yielding about 2½ per cent., and people no longer ask, "Can any good come out of Argentina?" Shrewd investors (especially those who have followed our advice) have picked up wonderful bargains, and the market in Argentine Railways is coming to the front on a much more sensible basis than that which it occupied when the majority of them were first introduced to the credulous investing public.

At that time the craze was for Ordinary stocks, estimated to yield fabulous dividends, while the Preference and Debentures were not thought much of. What was the use of putting your money into a security yielding only 6 per cent. when you could, for the same price (if you were a favoured allottee), get an Ordinary to return you 10 or 15? But now the demand, which has for some time been growing, has begun at the other end. There is no doubt whatever that the commercial conditions in Argentina are much improved, and the political situation looks quiet. These considerations improve the intrinsic value of the Railway Ordinary stocks, and the prices of these reflect the improvement. But much more marked is the advance in the Preference and Debenture stocks. Some of those are higher than they ever were, while the junior securities are far from the old level. That the Ordinary stocks still comparatively hang fire is due to the continuance of some relics of the feeling of disquietude regarding the maintenance of political tranquillity. Nevertheless, the market is day by day strengthening, and not the least important of the current developments is the rise in Argentine Rails, which seems likely to continue.

## THE WHITSUNTIDE ACCOUNT.

Except for the continued rise in Home Rails, the growing demand for Argentine Securities of all kinds, the cycle boom, the rise in Westralian mining shares, and the decline in Kaffirs, the account which ended last week was uneventful. The list of exceptions is comprehensive enough, it may be said, and so it is; but what a number of old favourites in speculation have dropped out! Grand Trunks, Mexican Rails, Internationals, American Rails, are all more or less dead letters nowadays. Brighton "A" actually shows a change of only ½ from the previous making-up price, and that in the downward direction, which contrasts with the general improvement in the Home Railway Market. But, taking it all round, the position is satisfactory, and the market has no reason to complain of the way in which the public responds when favourable developments occur in any department. Next to cycles, brewery and drapery shares seem to be the most in favour at the moment among Industrials.

There is a notable lack of activity in the shares of American brewery companies. The changes recorded in the list of making-up prices are few, and obviously of a nominal character, such as a rise of ¼ in Bartholomay ordinary, and a fall to a like extent in the preference shares. When we remember the liveliness of this market a few years ago, and contrast it with the present stagnation, we can feel but little doubt that ere long somebody will rediscover American Breweries as a department in which there ought to be active business, whether the movements are upwards or downwards. Our own opinion is that United States, New England, and Frank Jones shares, both preference and ordinary, are among the most promising for a purchaser who wants high interest and reasonable risk.

Home Rails have had a very substantial rise since the mid-May settlement, and the statisticians are already setting their brains to work to predict how much of the great traffic-increases will go to the Ordinary shareholders. This time they have a more than usually difficult task. We are just emerging from a long period of depression, during which expenses have been cut down to the lowest possible level; now the various Boards of Directors have large increases to play with. The problem is: will they, as a general rule, seek to utilise these for the purpose of increasing dividends to any material extent, or for adding to the efficiency of their respective lines? That dividends must be increased in almost every case goes without saying in view of the traffic results; and the "bulls" of Home Rails have made no mistake this time. The increased receipts resulting from the revival of trade leave plenty of margin to play with; and the rise in Home Railway stocks during the last account and, indeed, for some months reflects what we cannot but regard as a well-founded opinion that the forthcoming series of dividend announcements will not be a treat for the "bears." Even if

the dividends are not all that the enthusiasts expect, firm holders will probably find justification for the faith that is in them, from considerations of the uses to which the additional earnings have been applied.

#### WESTRALIA.

The West Australian Market has been very active, although the Brown Hill crushing caused some disappointment, not so much on account of the yield per ton, as the small amount of ore treated, and the consequent fear that the new dry-crushing plant is a failure. We see no reason for the discouragement, and every conversation we have with people who have lately left the Coolgardie field, confirms our belief that in the end the most sanguine expectations will be justified.

Burbanks have been very strong, and not unnaturally so, if the private advices which reach us from the mine may be relied on. We hear also that

Hannan's Proprietary prospects are most satisfactory, and a crop of subsidiary companies for the development of the various leases which go to make up this gigantic property may shortly be expected, while we hear higher prices are fully anticipated by those behind the scenes in connection with Golden Plums and Half-Mile Reef.

Some few weeks ago we gave a portrait of Mr. H. S. Stoneham, the leading jobber in this market, and this week we are able to present to our readers Mr. Frederick Löwy, the senior partner in another large jobbing firm whose business is confined to the West Australian corner. Mr. Löwy was, with his partner, Mr. Campbell, among the pioneers upon the Stock



MR. FREDERICK LÖWY.  
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Exchange to confine his operations to Westralian concerns, and is one of the most popular figures among the dealers in this part of the Stock Exchange. He is essentially a good fellow, always willing to help a neighbour in distress, or make a price in shares of whose existence he did not know half an hour ago.

#### AFRICANS.

There is no more deadly dull corner of the Stock Exchange than that which used to be called the Kaffir Circus, and, thanks to Transvaal politics and the raid, to say nothing of the Matabele revolt, an early revival is not to be expected.

We have too often spoken out about the Chartered Company and its gold resources for our readers to have any doubt as to our views; but still, we hope Rhodesia will be given a chance, and that its creator will not be offered up to the insolence of President Krüger and his Dutchmen. There will be no peace in South Africa until the Union Jack waves over the whole of it, and the sooner Mr. Chamberlain recognises this the better for the market and the investor.

Open confession is said to be good for the soul, and we have to apologise to our readers for the mistake we made over Woodstock (Transvaal) shares. Unfortunately, there are two Woodstock companies—one in Africa and one in New Zealand, and we mistook the latter for the former, by reason of our broker, in his note to us, not distinguishing between them. Inconvenience has been caused to several correspondents, and to them we tender our sincere apologies.

#### NEW ISSUES.

We are in a position to announce that in the early weeks of July a very important newspaper issue will be made, of which a quarter of a million preference shares will be offered to the public. There can be no doubt these will be eagerly subscribed, but we shall endeavour to send to our correspondents advance prospectuses, and trust at a later date to announce that especial consideration will be given to them in the allotment.

The Rome Consolidated Gold-Mines, Limited, is the name under which twenty-four acres of so-called auriferous land, about eleven miles from Coolgardie, is being offered to the public. The only thing about the prospectus which we like is the fact that Professor William Nicholas is to be Consulting Engineer. The leases are clearly very little developed, and we fail to see why any person should put his money into the venture on the strength of an assayer's report on a few picked samples of quartz.

The Nations Consols Gold-Mines, Limited, is one of those companies which look to us as if prepared for French consumption, and which had better be left to our friends across the Channel. Anything "near" the Wealth of Nations is supposed to be good enough to float, especially

when no map is given with the prospectus. The wretched company is to be made to pay all the working expenses since Oct. 15 last, although it is not even suggested that anything remunerative has been accomplished.

Saturday, May 30, 1896.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 193, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SMALL INVESTOR.—We can only give you an opinion on the shares in your list. We do not like Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 5. We should hold No. 2, while No. 6 seems a very good investment.

J. R.—We have inquired as to the dividend on the deferred shares of the Colonial Finance, and find that, for the year ending Dec. 31 last, the sum of £14 3s. 4d. per share was paid, and on the deferred shares of the London and Globe Finance 10s. per share will be the probable distribution at the end of their coming financial year.

CYCLOS.—As to No. 1 it is very difficult to advise you. We believe in the invention from actual experience, but the capital is too big and the whole trade is against it. Wait a week or two and then get out. No. 2 we would have nothing to do with, and, as to the two outside touts you name, you will regret dealing with either of them. Both concerns named in your postscript are good enough to hold if you can get allotments.

C. W. D.—(1) Yes, buy more to average, and if you can afford to buy a few Day Dawn Blocks do so. (2) We should hold, for the present, Palace Theatre, but it is not the class of investment one can speak about with confidence for a long time ahead. (3) We have no information as to this concern, and if you can trust your own, by all means buy. (4) Hannan's Proprietary, White Feather Reward, Half-Mile Reef, and Golden Plums.

A. N.—We apologise for the mistake, which you will see mentioned in this week's "Notes."

VAN RYN.—(1) We never write private letters, except in accordance with Rule 5, and a broker's name cannot be given in these columns. (2) Yes, they run stock against clients; if they bona fide bought or sold the stock they would adopt a proper form of contract.

A. J.—We think you are right to clear out your Linotype shares, but see no reason why you should not hold both the Imperial Continental Gas and New York Brewery debentures. The difficulty in finding good investments to pay reasonable interest is very great. Try Assam Railway and Trading preferred shares and United States Brewery preference. Take a few Singer pref. when they come out next week, and keep some money in reserve for a big newspaper issue which, we hear, will be made about the first week in July, and of which you will see some details in our columns during the month of June.

G. W. C. AND E. B.—See this week's "Notes" and our answer to "A. N." Private answers are only sent in accordance with Rule 5.

NIKKO.—(1) A very limited market, and the security is practically that of an Irish county rate, for the line is not worked at a profit. (2) Ditto. (3) Very good. (4) We are not in love with the concern, but it has done well out of Burbank's Birthday Gift.

BEE.—Yes, Jays are very good, and we hope you will get an allotment. WHEEL.—By all means apply for Singer's shares, but be careful of all the ragged bicycle rubbish with which the papers are flooded.

NOVICE.—See answer to "A. N." (1) No. (2) We really do not know. (3) We have no later information than we have given in our columns. (4) Don't touch it. (5) Ditto, only more so. (6) We think it is a good mine. (7 and 8) We don't care for either, but the first is in a patchy country and might yield returns equal to those of the Wentworth. (9) Hold.

A. P. S.—After what we said about the motor-carriage concern, you cannot expect us to be sorry for you. Get rid of your shares and cut your loss. On the whole, twenty shillings instead of about 3s. 6d. a share will probably be lost. We do not like Mr. H. J. Lawson's promotions.

ESSEX CALF.—We should hold Menzies Golden Age. The chairman gives us very good accounts of its development.

WILHELM.—(1) We are holding our own for higher prices. See answer to "C. W. D." (2) We believe this to be a good speculation, with very great possibilities, but as to early improvement we say nothing. It is a concern which we should put away and forget all about, expecting to wake up some fine day and find the shares worth four or five times their face value.

O. P.—The dividend on the West Australian Exploring and Finance deferred shares was £9 15s., free of income-tax, paid last December.

ALPHA.—We understand that there is good news from Mawson's Reward, and you had better hold your shares.

W. M.—Thank you for the letter, which we have returned. It is satisfactory to find that in future you can apply to the Official Receiver, at the Companies Winding-up Office, Carey Street, for information.

For the convenience of City firms, and for the transaction of business connected with the printing and advertising of public company prospectuses, for the receipt of official announcements for the *London Gazette*, &c., Sell's Advertising Agency has opened a City branch office at 4, Birchin Lane (a few doors from Cornhill), London, E.C.